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New Republic

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BEGINNING:

ANTI-SEMITISM IN THE UNITED STATES

By BRUCE BLIVEN

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PUBLISHER: Michael Straight
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER: W. D. Patterson
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR: Bruce Bliven

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MANAGING EDITOR: Edd Johnson
ARTICLES: William Harlan Hale (Chief), Norman Grieser, Joseph Lyford, Richard Strouse, Theodore H. White, Thomas Whiteside
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ADVERTISING MANAGER: E. G. Wood
CIRCULATION MANAGER: Eric Shumway

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WASHINGTON WIRE

AMERICA took off war controls too fast and is now faced with an inflation which is beginning to scare the daylights out of economists while threatening to ruin our foreign-aid program. After months of delay, Truman has finally proposed action and the Ship of State is beginning to make headway—the best news out of Washington this season.

Truman's delay was agonizing. He didn't cry, "Fire" till the flames were almost singeing the hair of the congressmen's heads and till the exasperated public was yelling at him almost as much as at Congress. Now it is all yelling at Congress.

In so far as international aid goes, it must be said in Truman's behalf that his tactics seem likely to be successful. The Vishinsky speeches, the bad state of Europe, and what popeyed traveling congressmen actually saw for themselves, indicate something will be done for Europe.

But the second Truman idea on prices—the thought that we actually have got to do something to save ourselves in addition to saving the world—is like a bombshell to legislators. What—don't we have the free-enterprise system? Isn't everybody employed? Aren't profits and dividends the highest in history?

To which Truman (and the able Nourse Economic Council behind him) says, "Yes, and if we get much more of this kind of inflation prosperity we'll be broke; the nation is pricing itself into a position where people can't buy the goods they produce, and this just can't go on."

Electric mood. Six motion-picture cameras whir in the Hollywood Red probe; six monster floodlights blind you for 30 seconds if you so much as glance at one; the sound men test their amplifiers, "One, two, three; one, two"; the crowd is big, the mood electric; and newsreel men take pictures of other newsreel men taking pictures. A flying squad of 25 still photographers, snapping celebrities, dashes around the great carpeted hall, whose walls rise up 35 feet, with highly prismed candelabra hanging from the ornate ceiling. And inside, in all this commotion and excitement and hubbub, chairman J. Parnell Thomas of the House Un-American Activities Committee makes mincemeat of America's traditional rules of evidence.

"Where has Bill gone?" we heard one reporter ask another. "Guess he's just gone out to throw up," was the gag answer, and they both laughed. Well, we felt that way, too.

We are pretty certain from our own information that the Commies have been active in Hollywood studios, particularly in the Screen Writers' Guild, and personally we have no use for them; but for our own money the Thomas committee is the worst agency to ferret them out. It draws no more distinction between mild liberalism and communism than it does between evidence and hearsay.

We begin to see why top writers in Hollywood sometimes go Communist: it is either that or go nuts. We heard witnesses brand films as "un-American" because they were slow-moving, morbid, "in the Russian manner." And we like the UP's simple account of the question put by investigator Robert Stripling to movie director Leo McCarey: Asked by Stripling what he thought of films that showed bankers, for example, in an unfavorable light, McCarey said he thought they were un-American. That tells it all.

We tantalized a rapt maiden who sat behind us at the all-star Hollywood Communist probe by turning around periodically and asking her whether Robert Montgomery was a script writer or director, and what Gary Cooper's first name was. She got so she was almost as much interested

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AP PHOTO

On November 27, 1944, *Life* gave a full-page spread to this photograph of "ragged Greek children . . . from Marki, village burned and looted by Germans. . . ." *Life* praised bravery of ELAS partisans.

AP PHOTO

On October 14, 1947, Hearst's New York *Journal-American* gave a full-page spread to the Greek civil war, featuring this photo of "two pitifully ragged children, typical of the young victims of the Reds' pillaging and inhuman warfare."

in us as in the screen stars. We shall always treasure her information that Robert Taylor is really *very* well known.

Candidate Taft. Politics last week had some new developments, including the announcement by Bob Taft that he is a candidate. Well, you could knock us over with a feather. It is significant that he says he will not make any contest in the primaries save in Ohio. This is a definite sign of weakness. We have a genuine affection for Taft and like his courage and candor; we have only two things against him—his record on foreign affairs and his record on domestic affairs.

Colonel Robert R. McCormick, of the Chicago *Tribune,* is hurling all the smears he's got against Eisenhower, and seems to be genuinely frightened by the prospect. Actually it may get so bad that Ike will withdraw further than he has yet from the race, saying everything but an absolute No. We like Eisenhower, but we warn now that a victorious general on the GOP ticket would almost certainly mean an accompanying landslide of the reactionary Republican elements in Congress, riding in on his coattails, just as they did on poor dear Hoover's in 1928.

Candidate Truman. As for Truman, he's running for the presidency, too, and the latest Gallup Poll boosts his stock, alleging that as of today the Democrats would have a 56-to-44-percent edge over the Republicans. We can't believe the figures. But it is true that there's a tendency of the public to sympathize with the man in the White House, not in the sense of pitying him, but of identifying itself with him in all the difficulties and problems he is facing. Maybe Truman doesn't know the answers, but at his best he seems conscientious, humble and patriotic. He hasn't a single oratorical trick, but in last week's broadcast, when he said he knew the difficulties of the breadwinner and housewife, skimping and scared by rising prices, listeners remembered the bankrupt haberdasher in Missouri and caught the note of sincerity in his voice.

Washington T. R. B.

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VOLUME 117, NUMBER 18, ISSUE 1718, NEW YORK CITY, NOVEMBER 3, 1947 **New Republic**

THE WEEK

THE PRESIDENT called on Congress to rally against inflation at home and Communist threats abroad. The Politburo's Andrei Zhdanov called on Communists to rally against America.

German Socialists angrily protested the removal of Ruhr plants as reparations, while French rightists massed behind their strong man, de Gaulle, whose campaign posters made him look more and more like Hitler.

At home, Senator Taft said he would run for President, and General Eisenhower didn't say he wouldn't. The price of milk went up again, while in Britain the sugar ration was cut again.

Forest fires seared Maine, and the week at the UN was arid. The sunny city of Los Angeles went to war against the smog that has been overhanging it, and Ginger Rogers' mother journeyed from there to Washington to testify that it was "un-American" for a movie to be "moody and somber."

Gratuitous insults flew around the globe between the governments of the Soviet Union and Brazil. At home, the management of American airlines was under attack again, and in Britain, so was the House of Lords.

Amid this, the smiling face of Maurice Chevalier staged a comeback, and the *New Republic* blossomed out in a new, gay typography.

Kultur, November, 1947

The British-licensed daily, *Die Welt,* reports that German theatrical bigwigs met recently at Augsburg to discuss the dearth of new German plays. Only one manuscript worthy of attention showed up: a play entitled "Daybreak in the West," on the flyleaf of which the author forgot to cross out a dedication to Nazi Labor Minister Dr. Robert Ley, and at the end of which he courteously requested "replacement, wherever it appears in the text, of the word 'fascism' with the word 'socialism'."

WAGES: THIRD ROUND

The Tip. Washington "dope" letters purporting to tip the businessman off to what the other half is up to, have been predicting that labor would ask for a third round of wage increases—from 10 to 15 percent—in the spring.

Since the second round last spring, there has been a substantial rise in the cost of living, and the phenomenal corporate profits predicted at that time have materialized into stunning reality.

Labor Lags. The steel industry, meat packers and many others used wage raises as an excuse to up their prices far more than was needed to offset increased costs. So labor was again left trailing in the dizzy inflation spiral.

To be sure, labor needs another round of wage boosts, and most employers could afford it with no increase in prices.

Despite the fact that most union contracts can be reopened in the spring of 1948, neither the AFL convention in San Francisco nor the CIO in Boston stated any official policy on wages.

Labor leaders are painfully aware that the NAM and the Republican Party, working with the enthusiastic coöperation of radio, press and periodicals, have largely succeeded in planting in the minds of Americans the belief that high labor costs are a primary factor in current high prices.

So labor strategists are moving cautiously. Secretary of Labor Schwellenbach's words at San Francisco—"All American labor attempted to do was to pursue prices and never in the last 15 months have they been able to catch up"—must be heard and believed by all the American people. But even that is not enough.

Labor strategists realize that 60 million jobs and a national income near $200 billion cannot be maintained unless some of the cream is constantly, and forcibly, drained off the top and fed into the bottom of our economic system.

Next Move. To get this basic idea across to the average US citizen will take a lot of time and money. The hopelessness of getting it across at all to the present Congress is the reason for the proposed political drives of the CIO-PAC and the AFL-LEPL.

Horse Race News

On Wednesday, October 22, in the seventh race at the Jamaica track on Long Island, a horse by the name of Russian Valor won handily, but was disqualified and placed last. In his place, the judges declared that the winner, paying $44 for $2, would be Spy Snare.

PCA MOBILIZES

Counter-attack. The two-day PCA Conference on Cultural Freedom and Civil Liberties held last week in New York proved that writers, musicians, actors, etc., can plan a practical political counter-offensive. The 2,250 delegates outlined practical means of attacking a specific threat to individual freedom—the House Committee on Un-American Activities, headed by J. Parnell Thomas (R, N. J.).

The conference led off with speeches

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by Frank Kingdon, writer, Harlow Shapley, scientist, former California attorney general Robert W. Kenny, former US assistant attorney general O. John Rogge and others. All attacked the Thomas group from different angles. The speeches were then developed in panel meetings which outlined the impact of the committee's actions on the fields of literature, art, the press, radio, the law profession and education. The discussion and speechmaking culminated in a series of sharp resolutions blueprinting the PCA drive to abolish the Thomas committee.

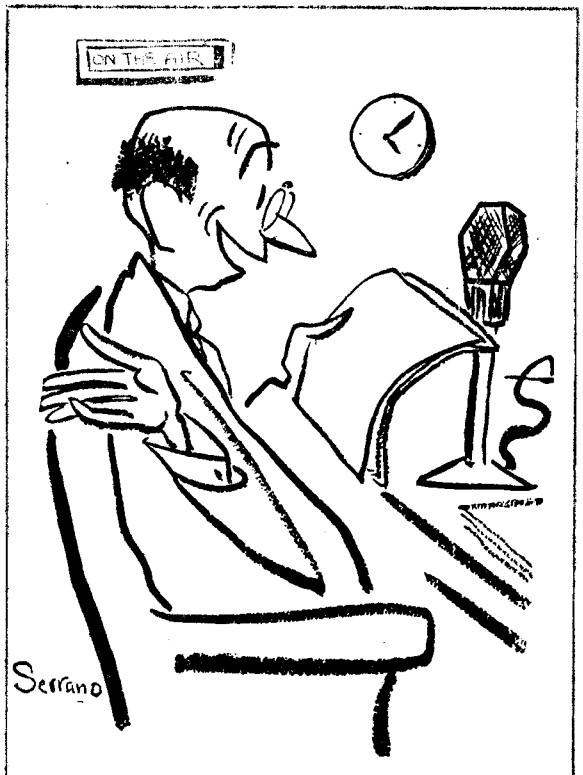
Most of the resolutions stemmed from the PCA's determination to fight the committee on these main battlegrounds:

The courts. Rogge declared that the PCA will carry the question of the committee's constitutionality to the Supreme Court. He further advised the 19 Hollywood writers under subpoena to testify, to refuse to do so.

Communications. Angus Cameron, editor-in-chief of Little, Brown and Company, promised that his company "and other" publishing houses would refuse to be intimidated by the threats of investigation by the committee, and that they would continue to publish books containing dissenting and liberal ideas. Cameron's statement was paralleled by those from radiomen, actors, newspapermen, writers, educators and advertising men at the conference.

Political Action. Union representatives asked for PCA writers and speakers to put on political rallies aimed at arousing public sentiment against those congressmen who have approved of the Thomas committee. The PCA also promised to organize on a ward-precinct basis against such congressmen. Delegates were asked to plan formation of "Committees of Correspondence" in the various states to coordinate the political drive.

Newspaperman Leo Huberman summed up the sense of the conference in a speech on the first day, when he recalled Mary Elizabeth Lease's "Let's raise less corn and more hell." Senator Claude Pepper (D, Fla.) put it even more briefly: "Turn the rascals out."



"On the other hand, why don't we just destroy our atom bombs by dropping them on somebody?"

VETS LOSE AGAIN

GOP decision. Orangetown, N. Y. (*NR* correspondent).—New York supreme court justice Frederick Schmidt has handed down a curious decision which allows the vote to wives of 1,100 student-veterans living in Shanks Village, near Orangetown, but denies the ballot to their husbands.

Schmidt says Rockland County officials were right in refusing to register the vets (the *NR*, October 27), because they are only "temporary" residents of the town and will have to vacate Shanks at the end of their schooling. Lawyers who followed the proceedings have been unable to explain why, in that case, Schmidt even allowed the wives the vote.

Milton Carrow, the vets' attorney, has attacked the "temporary-residence" argument by pointing out that many election boards in the vets' former states have informed the men that Orangetown is their legal residence. Carrow also reveals that students at the nearby Christian Missionary Institute (who usually vote Republican) have had no difficulty in registering.

GUNS OR HEALTH

The cost. John R. Steelman's Scientific Research Board has made a final report on the nation's medical-research policy which had one sad conclusion: health is of less concern to America than guided missiles, the peanut crop or the undertaking business. The nation spends 10 to 100 times as much on any of these as is spent in the fight against disease.

Worst offender was and still is the federal government. Of the $2 billion it spent on research during the war, only $25 million, a little more than one percent, was allocated to its principal scientific agency, the Office for Scientific Research and Development, for medical research. By another standard of comparison, the total expended on medical research *over a period of four years* was *less than 10 percent* of the amount expended on war activities *in a single day* during 1945.

The problem. Apart from the gross inadequacy of funds, medical research, as the report indicates, is afflicted by the same difficulties as other scientific activities. Basic research is neglected; manpower shortages in laboratories of government, university and industry are critical; federal and non-federal planning are inadequate; government programs are wholly uncoördinated.

Steelman's formidable committee recommends: (1) a threefold increase of national expenditures on medical research, from $110 million to $300 million—most of which must be supplied by the federal government; (2) strengthened support for basic research; (3) establishment of an ad-

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visory medical-research committee of government and non-government medical scientists to formulate policy for the development of programs and resources.

1947 POLITICAL EQUATION

"Well." The day after Mutual Broadcasting System's Arthur Gaeth put on a transcribed interview with Miriam Smith, a Winston-Salem, North Carolina, tobacco worker, about the high cost of living, an investigator from the House Un-American Activities Committee came trotting in to see him.

"What do you mean by putting a well known Blank Blank on your show?" the agent exploded.

Gaeth replied he didn't know anything about the political affiliations of the tobacco worker—and wondered what was subversive about noting the high prices of food.

"Well," the investigator said darkly, "the things she said were a reflection on the private-enterprise system."

GRAPES OF WRATH

The danger. Last week a group of individuals meeting in Washington, headed by Dr. Paul Taylor, authority on agricultural labor, set up the National Citizens' Council on Migrant Labor to try to do something about the

Zhdanov's Anti-US Plan Takes Shape

by Alexander Kendrick

MOSCOW *(by wireless)*. – THE FULL text of the report of Andrei A. Zhdanov of the Politburo to the congress of the nine European Communist Parties has just been made public here. Its essential point is that failure of the Marshall Plan should not be predicated on its alleged internal or applicative deficiencies, but that it must, and can, be defeated in Europe itself by the "resistance" of popular movements in the separate countries.

With an admonition to European Communist Parties and their friends and allies not to underestimate their own strength nor to overestimate the strength of the "imperialist camp," Zhdanov declares flatly that there already exists "a sufficiency of forces in postwar Europe now . . . [to] subvert this enslaving plan."

The man who says these things is not given to wishful thinking. Moreover, he has the authority to assert that the Soviet Union "will put all efforts to seeing that the Marshall Plan is not realized."

Four-way fight. Following his policy statements on literature and Soviet ideology, which set the tone for the present concentration on "Soviet socialism" and Marxist fundamentals, Zhdanov's report on the world situation to the congress confirms that he is the leading party theorist of the Soviet Union if not of the world.

Zhdanov's call to fight the Marshall Plan on four lines—governmental, political, economic and ideological—similarly confirms that Europe has become a quadruple battleground.

The complete Zhdanov report furnishes numerous ideas which the congress' declaration deëmphasized or omitted altogether. Perhaps the most striking contrast is the relative subordination by Zhdanov of the Social Democratic Parties as a factor in the present circumstances. Whereas in the declaration they became equal villains with the US, in the Zhdanov report they seem small fry.

"Pro-German." The Soviet delegate stressed the immediacy of the US threat, and asserts that Germany, not France or Britain, was intended as America's principal anti-Soviet base on the European continent.

The Zhdanov report dwells at length on the theory that economic necessity as much as anything else is driving the US along its "imperialist" path. It says the "anti-imperialist" camp includes not only the Soviet Union and the Eastern European "new democracies," but also Rumania, Hungary and Finland, "which have broken with imperialism." Moreover, Indonesia and the Viet Nam "subscribe to the anti-imperialist camp," while India, Egypt and Syria "sympathize." The "labor and democratic movements of all countries" are the basis of the "anti-imperialist camp," and the "national liberation movement in the colonial and dependent countries" plays an important role.

Zhdanov asserts that the new organization is not a revived Comintern because many of the Communist Parties of Europe are being transformed into "mass workers' parties" and the leadership of these parties from one center is "impossible and inexpedient." The present new stage in the development of the Communist Parties demands "new forms of connections between the parties." Here Marshal Tito's idea of a "united front of united fronts" fits in.

"Imperialists." The alleged desire for war on the part of "American imperialists" is made much more positive in the Zhdanov report than in the congress declaration. He speaks about America's "temporary monopoly" of the atom bomb; about the increasingly reactionary situation in the US as one of the preparations for war; and about "militarists in high office."

Taken in conjunction with Vishinsky's speeches in New York, Zhdanov's calmer but equally outspoken report serves notice that the "anti-imperialist camp" will not be sitting quietly in winter quarters when the snow begins to fall in the rest of Europe as it is now falling in Russia.

Alexander Kendrick is the Chicago Sun's Moscow correspondent.

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growing migrant-labor problem. According to Taylor, conditions in some areas, such as Central Valley, California, promise to become as bad as they were when Steinbeck wrote *The Grapes of Wrath* (the *NR*, October 27).

The council hopes to obtain for migrants protection of wage laws, social-security benefits and decent housing. It also hopes to bring about the sale of the more than 100 labor camps to public authorities rather than to big farmers who will use them to exploit labor.

Under the law enacted by Congress, it is required that all federal labor camps be disposed of by the end of this year.

HAVENNER FOR MAYOR

The candidate. San Francisco (*NR* correspondent). – For the first time in more than 30 years labor support has gone solidly to a single candidate for mayor. He is Representative Franck R. Havenner, Democrat, whose excellent voting record in Congress, including a hard fight against the Taft-Hartley Act, won for him the backing of the AFL which he lacked the last time he ran, before the war. But the refusal of AFL chiefs like John Shelley, president of the San Francisco Labor Council, to work openly with the CIO against the other candidates, Elmer E. Robinson and Chester MacPhee, weakened the united labor front.

Old-fashioned tactics. Instead of using the joint committee formed with the CIO and some brotherhoods last summer to fight the city sales tax, the AFL backed Havenner through a revived Union Labor Party, for years their mummified political instrument here. And Robinson's backers took advantage of the situation to wage "split labor" guerrilla warfare. This was featured by phony charges that Havenner's "radicalism" was repudiated by AFL "chiefs" and fostered by a CIO "secret underground." The fact that the tales have been spiked as false didn't prevent the Hearst papers from playing them up.

In the last week of the hot campaign gamblers' odds were 10-to-6 against Havenner and for Robinson, who had been campaigning for a year, helped by an extremely well heeled treasury. Rumors were in circulation that Robinson, if elected, would "open up the town." Progressive labor circles looked to the results to tell whether or not labor was learning fast enough.

Kangaroo Court under Klieg Light

by William Walton

THE florid, flabby-faced man listens intently under the blazing klieg lights. He nods, interjects a few words, listens some more just as though he didn't know exactly what was going to be said.

His scowl is permanent. His face is flushed purple. His small, feverish eyes dart glances over the crowded House committee room. He watches everything. This is his own show, his courtroom, where he is judge, prosecutor and jury. This is his chance to grab headlines, have his picture taken. This is his Committee on Un-American Activities.

J. Parnell Thomas. His father's name was Feeney, but J. Parnell didn't like the sound of Feeney so he changed it. Thomas' committee is as phony as Thomas. At first you don't realize it when you go into a committee session, because you have been brought up to believe Congress is as great as America, and this is a committee of Congress. You realize the phoniness only slowly.

If you don't peer too closely, the five committeemen look all right behind their bank of microphones. Below them in the center is the witness stand facing the committee. Beside the witness sits the committee's "counsel," a sharp-faced character named Stripling.

Meet the press. To the witness' left are banks of newsreel and still cameramen, to the right, correspondents for the press associations, and behind the witness, occupying half the committee chamber, are tables for all the other newspaper, magazine and radio correspondents. What's left is for the neck-craning public.

Even though chairman Thomas bangs his gavel, the room is never still. Always a motorcycle messenger is leaving with newly exposed film, or a Western Union boy is rushing out with dispatches, or a committee functionary is whispering to an attorney, or a police guard is signaling, with fingers upraised like a headwaiter, that two more seats are available. It's a circus—all rings active at once.

Thomas, spiderlike, is the center, scowling over it all, rapping his gavel occasionally, interjecting a question, smirking at a movie star, frowning at the ceiling.

Sun-tan boys. Now come the movie stars. All heavily sun-tanned, impeccably tailored, glibly rehearsed, it's hard to tell one day's stars from the next—Robert Taylor, Gary Cooper, Robert Montgomery, Ronald Reagan —they act so much alike. Their testimony is all inconsequential, carefully according to script. Before Cooper's scene starts, he even has one last run-through with counsel Stripling so he won't flub his lines. But he does flub once when Thomas departs from the script.

The movie boys are so accustomed to exercising their faces—mugging, laughing, winking, grinning boyishly —that their performances on the witness stand are macabre masterpieces of flirtation. They are flirting with these old, susceptible committeemen and also, according to training, with the banks of cameramen, because these will be pictures on the front pages of every newspaper. The glamor boys read their lines turning from the committeemen toward the cameras.

Muffed script. In another respect they are all alike, too. This testifying is a dilemma. They want to give nice old Thomas ammunition for his witch-hunting, but they don't want to get into disfavor with the movie moguls who pay such handsome wages. So

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they all say the Communists are "trying" to dominate the industry and run the actors' and screen writers' guilds, but they haven't yet been able to do it. No, they say ruefully, they don't know of any films that are true Commie propaganda.

Parnell Thomas likes their performances but wishes they were just a little better. He tries to pin them down to name names. Cooper says he has rejected scripts because they were tainted.

"Would you name those scripts, please, Mr. Cooper?" Thomas asks plaintively but respectfully. Cooper hesitates. This is not in the script he rehearsed.

"Well-l-l," he drawls. "Well, I don't exactly remember. I don't believe I can. You see, I read so many. . . ."

"Yes, of course." Thomas shifts uneasily on his quasi-judicial bench. Then he asks the stock question he throws at all his witnesses: "Perhaps you know, Mr. Cooper, that this committee has before it bills to outlaw the Communist Party as the agent of a foreign power. Are you in favor of those bills? Do you believe Communists are agents of foreign powers?"

"Why, yes, of course," Gary and all the others reply, their tones edged with surprise that anyone would even ask such a question. Of course they are in favor. That's why they are here. At least that's why they think they are here.

But once in a while other reasons come near the surface. When Leo McCarey is on the stand, Thomas asks, "Don't you think Hollywood could make more movies portraying the evils of communism?" McCarey, who directed Bing Crosby in "The Bells of St. Mary's," stumbles around, finally says no, he thinks movies should just be entertainment. They shouldn't be political. Leo is bright. He knows the Louis B. Mayers are saying just this, that the one thing they fear about the un-American investigation is that somebody is going to tell Hollywood what kind of movies to make.

DRAWING BY ORBAN

Thomas is not too unhappy about this answer. Of course he would like to bully the movie makers into bitterly anti-Communist films. But a deeper purpose will be served if his hearings so frighten Hollywood actors that they withdraw from political life. He wants them to be apolitical.

Ever since 1932, ever since FDR, some of the more enlightened men and women of Hollywood have given their talents to politics, organized committees, raised funds, appeared at countless rallies. Their appearances, by ordinary commercial standards, were worth millions of dollars. And most were to be found campaigning for FDR and progressivism.

Thomas and his supporters want all that stopped. They want Hollywood, frightened of Red smears and the threat of government controls, to dry up into an apolitical desert.

Something sinister. That is one purpose of this garish, vulgar show which at first strikes you as madly laughable. But then you slowly realize there is something more sinister here.

These men are flouting the finest traditions of America, invading the privacy of citizens, pillorying them without fair trial, spreading fear and hatred throughout the land. They have taken the word Communist and, without defining what it means, have used it as a smear word to ruin men's reputations, prevent them from earning a livelihood, wreck their lives.

Playwrights, actors, script writers—many have been smeared and more will be before Thomas gets through. Not one iota of actual evidence has been given to prove the charges. Only hearsay and sun-tanned glamor boys who have "heard" so-and-so is a Communist.

But the Thomas-Dies-Rankin committee has denied American citizens their right to a fair trial. It says its purpose is to gather information for the American people. If that were truly its aim, it would use other methods. Four hundred years of judicial history have shown painstakingly that the way to bring truth into the daylight is by confrontation of accusers, cross-examination of witnesses.

But no, J. Parnell Thomas' courtroom gives trial by innuendo. It is a kangaroo court, as un-American as anything it pretends to be fighting. It is closer to the People's Court of Hitler Germany than anything we have seen in our time. That is what is cold and frightening and evil about it all.

The method of putting this over on the American people has been through carefully klieg-lighted hearings such as this Washington show. The newspapermen have helped Thomas by reporting his committee's activities deadpan, multiplying the calumnies, never hinting at the intimidation, the phoniness of the procedure which are plain to be seen.

Only *PM*, the New York *Herald Tribune* and a few others spoke out on their editorial pages. Their big headlines reported committee hearings as though they were legitimate proceedings.

What next? This time it is Hollywood. And if Thomas successfully intimidates the movies, the press may be next. But the newspapers did not choose to look that deep.

One man did. Bartley C. Crum, a Roman Catholic, Republican lawyer who, because of the principles involved, was defending 19 Hollywood people from committee smears. On the long-distance phone to Hollywood Crum was talking with David ("Duel in the Sun") Selznick, trying to persuade him to lend his prestige to the defense. Selznick quibbled.

"Dave, this is just like the early Hitler days in Germany," Crum pleaded. "Do you know what a man equivalent to you in the movie industry is in Germany today?"

"No. What is he?" asked Selznick.

"A bar of soap."

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A PROGRAM FOR THE SPECIAL SESSION

by Helen Fuller

Now that the Republicans have recovered from their surprise at Harry Truman's having the courage to recall Congress, they are pleased about the whole thing. He started it. Let him try and get out of it with his political skin. They grin and say this just means starting the 1948 campaign now instead of in January.

The smartest Democrats know just how tough a spot this puts them in. Truman had better look like a changed leader this time. If he doesn't, the voters may really get restive. Labor and liberals were placated by the progressive spirit of Truman's radio speech on the need for the special session, but they will expect the words to be backed up by a program reducing prices at home and helping Europe without political dictation. A bad program or a bad showing in the fight to get it passed by Congress might alienate for good this essential group of Democratic supporters.

Between now and November 17 Truman must decide:

1. What kind of inflation control and what kind of help to Europe he really wants.

2. How hard he will fight for his particular brand of each.

3. How he will organize support for his position.

As of now, the Administration does not have the answer to any of these questions. For Truman's political future—as well as for "peace and prosperity"—the answers had better be at least this radical:

I. INFLATION

1. All the necessary peripheral controls recommended in the recent report of the President's Economic Advisory Council, plus full consumer price control and rationing.

2. Authority to allocate scarce commodities like steel and grain, extend export controls beyond early 1948, regulate speculation on the commodity markets, restore curbs on consumer credit, penalize the feeding of animals to excessive weights, limit the amount of wheat allowed for use in feed, alcohol and flour.

3. Maintenance of at least the present level of taxes.

4. Restoration of the President's wartime powers over prices and production.

5. A general consumer price freeze, followed by a price rollback and a wage-increase policy to the point where equity is restored.

6. Replacement of the voluntary-food-conservation program by rationing of the scarcest items as soon as the machinery can be reconstructed.

7. Production planning accompanying price action.

Labor circles fear that the price aspect of the special session may get lost in the foreign-aid shuffle. They mutter darkly that the Administration will have to do better than it did after the veto of the Taft-Hartley Act.

Economists point out that the first three items above won't of themselves bring prices down; nor will compromising on selective price controls on a few items at the producer level, as Truman proposed to congressional leaders the other day. They also stress the importance of the seventh item, pointing out that without careful planning of the volume of production and allocation of raw materials, price control might act as a brake on production.

II. FOREIGN AID

1. Funds for immediate relief and long-range reconstruction without political strings.

2. Since we do not "seek dominance over any other nation," the greater part of US aid to be made in the form of grants rather than loans.

3. Funds for reconstruction projects that can be repaid, to be made in the form of the more closely administered loans.

4. Administration of both the emergency plan and the Marshall Plan to be carried out by a regular agency of the federal government, responsible to the President, rather than by an independent RFC type of government corporation, as suggested by many big-business leaders.

5. Financing of foreign aid by regularly appropriated Treasury funds rather than by the special bond issues, a proposal also suggested by big business.

The President could demonstrate our good faith by declaring in advance that the Marshall Plan should not be confused with any private plans US bankers may have for running Europe from a government corporation directed by themselves. He could also make it clear that he would not tolerate any plans for granting aid through direct loans to the "good businessmen of Europe" instead of to their governments, or for scaling aid in proportion to the degree of the "pinkness" of the governments.

III. NATIONAL PLANNING

Since November 17 will begin not a brief "special session" but a session of Congress that will continue almost without interruption until the summer of 1948, Truman's program must go beyond prices and foreign aid. In the field of national planning, here are minimal needs:

1. More security for farmers if they are to risk producing all that our combined home and foreign needs require.

2. More protection for civil rights, since we obviously need and can afford progress in all fields of social legislation.

3. Expansion of production capacity of steel, nitrogen for fertilizers, coal, railroad cars, grain, electrical equipment, since without greater US produc-

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tion no amount of US dollars can make Europe self-supporting.

4. Legislation authorizing the Administration to stimulate the added production by expansion loans to industry or, if necessary, by building plants for lease or direct operation.

The present crisis arose out of inadequate national planning. Marshall "plans" and temporary economic controls won't prevent a next time.

Truman should have the courage to tell Congress and the country this, and keep reminding them of it. His own Council of Economic Advisers, bulwarked by a labor-industry council to assist it, could fill the planning role temporarily—if Truman were not afraid to try something so "socialistic." Fear this time will produce bad politics as well as bad statesmanship.

HENRY WALLACE

First Impressions of Palestine

WHEN Abraham settled near Hebron he heard the voice of his Master, "Lift up now thine eyes and look from the place where thou art northward and southward and eastward and westward. For all the land which thou seest to thee will I give it, and to thy seed forever." Four thousand years later, in an earth transformed, Palestine is still the crossroads of the world.

Nowhere do the religious and economic, social and political forces dominating our lives meet with such impact. Here, in the space of a few bare hills and valleys, the three great monotheistic religions took shape; here today great nations strive for influence; here an old way of life can be seen crumbling as a new way of life arises. I believed before, and now I know, that a knowledge of Palestine is essential for a true understanding of the world today.

The sense of history alone—which is so important for an understanding of current problems—is overwhelming here. No one of Christian or Jewish ancestry can come to Palestine today without feeling a deep emotion. In our 44-hour flight from New York to Jerusalem, we touched ground at Rome, Athens and Cairo, ancient centers of civilizations which had influenced one another and left an indelible mark on every human being alive. Yet the most powerful force in history has been the concept of God and of social justice, which through ancient Judea came to life in this extraordinary land. And for many of the same reasons that made this country a great religious center, Palestine for centuries has been the focal point for conflicting political forces. How skillfully ancient Israel and Judea had to balance off Egypt against Assyria and Babylon! Just so, today, Jews and Arabs must find a means of living in peace in a tiny country beset by great powers battling for its strategic areas and the nearby oil reserves.

Standing with a bearded, brown-robed Franciscan, the Reverend Brother Cammillus Liska, on the bell tower of Terra Santa Convent, I looked across to the old city of Jerusalem sloping down into the valley at Kedron. We had climbed up from the cave where Christ was born, and on one of the terraced slopes beneath us Brother Liska pointed out the fields where the shepherds had watched their flocks by night. Close by, he added, was the farm of Boaz, the grandfather of Jesse and the great-grandfather of David.

Fifteen miles away and more than 3,000 feet below us, we could see the Jordan Valley and the shores of the Dead Sea and on its far side the Moabite Hills of Transjordan where King Abdullah rules today.

From those hills came Ruth with Naomi. And looking at the barren slopes, I thought of Ruth trying to gather enough wheat behind the reapers to keep her mother-in-law alive.

I thought of the parable of the sower, when Christ spoke of the seed in the good ground yielding one-hundredfold, sixtyfold, or thirtyfold. Wheat probably originated in the Palestine vicinity, and yet no wheat-growing country yields as little as Palestine today. These hills only produce six bushels of wheat per acre, 30 percent of the yield of the US and scarcely 10 times the yield in Christ's time.

David tended sheep in these same Bethlehem hills where his great-grandmother Ruth gleaned the wheat. And David's descendant, Joseph, driven by a census law of Caesar Augustus, brought Mary here from Nazareth

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to give birth to Christ only a few miles from where his ancestors had lived. As I looked out over these hills and thought of the Nativity, the Twenty-third Psalm became very real.

DRAWINGS COURTESY THE ZIONIST ORGANIZATION OF AMERICA

DR. CHAIM WEIZMANN

City has been built on city since then, but in many ways life has not changed. Within the walls of old Jerusalem we walked through the Arab bazaars where, between narrow walls overhung with sackcloth, butchers, bakers, barbers and merchants sell their goods, children play, men in rolled-up trousers tread oil from the sesame seed in vats and work at underground forges, while goats and donkeys pick their way through noisy crowds. Later we visited the Mosque of Omar, the tomb in the rock and the Wailing Wall, the last vestige of the glory of Solomon's kingdom, against which the Jews stand lamenting and praying.

Much as I enjoyed visiting holy places and would have appreciated the time to investigate nearly every square mile of Palestine with an eye to making the geography of the Bible come alive, I had to remind myself forcibly that I had come here to see how the Jew and Arab, working together under the aegis of an international settlement, could make this land what destiny must have marked it for—a cornerstone of world peace.

We had left New York with Palestine in the headlines of New York newspapers. That headline tension accompanied us as we crossed half the world. It was to be found in every newspaper—French, English, Italian —that we picked up on the way. When we put foot on Palestine's soil at Lydda Airport, 40 minutes from Jerusalem, we were greeted by William Porter of the American consulate. He told me that publication in a local paper of part of a speech of mine supporting the United Nations partition plan had led the British here to order an armed guard to convoy us to Jerusalem. Yet with all the headlines, with all the stories of Arab troops at Palestine borders and of the devious political maneuvering among various UN subcommittees on the Palestine question, as I write today I find among the Jewish population little of the tension I had been led to expect. If I were to sum up the general state of mind among the Jews with whom I've spoken so far, it would be as follows:

There's no hysteria. They face the facts as they are. They know there is still a long road ahead for a Jewish state which, it should be pointed out, is not conceived as a theocracy but as a democracy with full citizenship rights regardless of race, religion or national origin. They are convinced that there must be a solution—and soon. They are not happy about partition. But if partition is the only way to achieve a Jewish state—even the state envisaged in the UNSCOP majority report, which is far smaller than that for which they have struggled so long—then partition must be accepted. They recognize the difficulties before them, but everywhere there's confidence that things will be worked out—that they must work out. There is an indomitable determination among them to go forward. They cannot conceive of failure.

If partition is achieved, what, in outline, will be the character of this first Jewish state in nearly 2,000 years? In so far as it will reflect the social philosophy of its present leaders, I believe that it holds out great hope for the entire world.

The outstanding Jewish leader today is, of course, Dr. Chaim Weizmann, the chemist and statesman who may well be its first president. Before leaving New York I lunched with him and was again impressed by his tolerance and breadth of understanding. This same spirit of understanding, it seems to me, is found among the Jews of Palestine, who appear more appreciative of the problems of the Arabs and the British than a good many of us who look at the scene from thousands of miles away.

If Weizmann the scientist is to be the first president of the Jewish state, David Ben-Gurion, the worker, may well be its first Prime Minister. He and the others like him who have pioneered on the land represent, I am sure, the burning conviction so prevalent in Palestine today: that man can achieve his will. Ben-Gurion is chairman of the Executive of the Jewish Agency for Palestine, the elected body of world Zionism established under the League of Nations mandate for Palestine, which deals with such executive and legislative problems as Jewish immigration, land purchase and financing, and the political struggle for a Jewish state.

In Palestine today the workers in factories and on farms are the most highly respected of groups. The desire of students is to work with their hands and it is their drive to return to the soil—a contradiction of the general belief that Jews always move from the land to the city—which so marks the Jewish rebirth in Pales-

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tine. Ben-Gurion came to Palestine to be a laborer. Like others who came here after the turn of the century, he brought the conviction that the Jewish people could build a nation only by their own manual toil. He came at a time when many doubted the ability of the Jews to adjust to an agricultural existence after having been forced for centuries largely into the role of tradesmen. Today new thriving cities and settlements cut out of the wilderness vindicate the faith they held.

So far on this trip I have not had an opportunity to study city life here, but my experiences in agricultural settlements have been most enriching and stimulating, and testify to an extraordinary job of modern pioneer farming.

From Palestine's more than 600,000 Jews, some 120,000 are now on the land, in small holders' settlements or in farming villages. About 40,000 live in Kibbutzim, or collective settlements, in which no wages are paid; the members work collectively, live collectively and collectively own all they possess.

The first of those I visited was Bet Haarava—house of the wilderness—situated 1,200 feet below sea level off the northern shore of the Dead Sea. Plagued by insects and by the problems of the heavily laden salt waters and a soil already strongly alkaline, with a summer climate even hotter than that of Phoenix, Arizona, some 190 members of this Kibbutz have enthusiastically set out to make a wilderness into a paradise. They've washed the alkali out of the soil and built a good irrigation system. With an almost unlimited water supply from the River Jordan, they are hampered somewhat by inadequate capital investment, so that it costs them more than $35 per acre annually to bring water to the land, which does not include the cost of washing the land. As a result, the members have assumed a debt which means an annual interest charge of $8,000. At the moment the proceeds from the sale of their crops, milk, eggs, plus the carp they breed in ponds filled with Jordan water, aren't enough to meet such a heavy financial burden. Consequently more than half the members are working in a nearby potash-evaporating plant where the Dead Sea yields up a pure grade of muriate from potash at lower cost than anywhere else in the world.

David Coronel, a bespectacled young man who is secretary of the Kibbutz, told me that aside from the wages brought in by potash workers, their greatest single source of income is from the sale of the carp, which are fed on cottonseed meal and sour milk, a by-product. "We get one pound of carp out of each one and a half pounds of seed thrown into the water," he said. He added that Jordan water contains considerable plankton, a minute form of algae which serves both as an appetizer and a vitamin for the fish, speeding their growth at a low cost. Later I toured the fields and banana plantation of the Kibbutz. Greatly impressed with their spirit, intelligence and knowledge, I came away from my visit feeling that there is a great body of agricultural knowledge which can and must be made available to these pioneers so they may ease their work, diversify their crops and revitalize their soil with a minimum of disappointment.

They have already made use of new techniques for the proper development of the land they have reclaimed. They are using all the scientific knowledge they can get. Those of us who know that the land is our most precious resource should give these extraordinary people even more assistance.

I thought they had done especially well with their cattle. Their cows are produced by crossing Holsteins from Holland with the red-and-white disease-resistant Damascus breed. Considering the hot summers, I thought an average record per cow of 9,500 pounds of milk annually was exceptionally good. They have no pasture and depend exclusively on green soilage crops, grain and oilcake, which, incidentally, sells for less here than in the United States. Later we visited a communal eating hall, where, at long wooden tables, we were served cake and fruits from the field.

DAVID BEN-GURION

Just before we left, Eli Ostrovsky, one of the settlers, summed up the work of Bet Haarava in brief, memorable words:

"Please understand. We don't want to take land from others. We want to build land. What we are doing here is using land that has never been used before. All we ask is the opportunity to be like any other people anywhere else in the world."

It is this spirit which is my strongest first impression of modern Jewish Palestine. I am impressed with the willingness to work, the eagerness to apply science to the solution of human problems and the atmosphere of great courage in facing the most difficult problems of nature. H. W.

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FIGHT FOR LIFE AT QUINCY

The four-month-old struggle at Bethlehem Steel's mammoth shipyard is testing union solidarity —and the Taft-Hartley Act

by James Higgins

OUTSIDE the gates, pickets Arthur Boyson and Lefty Anderson heard a sound that shocked them—the rattle of an air-driven chisel against steel. It was the first noise out of the great shipyard in four months. Pickets had counted 32 scabs that morning—32 scabs now added to a force of about 260 "leadingmen" and foremen who had never belonged to the union and who had reported at the yard throughout the shutdown. Did the sound of the chisel mean that work was being resumed on the cruisers *Des Moines, Salem* and *Northampton,* which had been sitting like monuments to war since the men left them behind at midnight on June 26?

Boyson chinned himself on the fence. He saw a leadingman holding a chisel in a chipping gun against a steel plate. The plate was scrap, good for nothing. The maneuver was just a scare for the pickets.

Their own language. Boyson hollered and the leadingman looked at him, grinned, put the air gun down, waved and walked away to join a group of his buddies pitching horseshoes. Silence returned to the Quincy, Massachusetts, Fore River shipyard owned by Bethlehem Steel, where 2,600 members of the IUMSWA-CIO (Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers of America) are taking part in the most critical CIO struggle since the bloody Little Steel strike of 1937. The 2,600 are among 40,000 IUMSWA members outside the gates of nine Bethlehem yards and one US Steel yard.

Their struggle is critical for one big reason: here for the first time union workers are feeling the malignant spirit of the Taft-Hartley Act. Political apologists for the Act say they have no desire to break unions. William "Tubby" Collins, affable Bethlehem vice-president who ran Fore River during the war, says the same thing. "The sole objective [of the company]," Collins declares, "is sound, efficient peacetime operation of its shipyards."

From the prosperous days of jaunty Charley Schwab, Bethlehem has had a labor language all its own. "Efficient peacetime operation" translated into Bethlehem lingo means the kind of company unionism symbolized by the ERP (Employee Representation Plan) created at Fore River in 1923. This plan was never liquidated, until the IUMSWA licked the ERP (then disguised as an "independent union") in a 1945 labor-board election. At that time the key shipyard in the Bethlehem chain automatically entered the "master agreement" which the IUMSWA had already negotiated for six other Bethlehem Atlantic Coast yards. The current struggle concerns proposed Bethlehem changes in this agreement. Bethlehem demands:

¶ Reduction of the bargaining unit in defiance of National War Labor Board directives covering certain "fringe" shipyard groups such as guards and working leaders;

¶ Authority for the company to maintain a pool of workers—the traditional "blue-eyed boys"—outside of all seniority;

¶ Elimination of maintenance of membership;

¶ Check-off only as provided by the Taft-Hartley Act;

¶ A provision whereby stewards would be docked their pay while investigating any grievance;

¶ Readjustment of the *incentive* wage rate, that will probably have the effect of nullifying any increase in the *basic* wage rate;

¶ A concession by the union that "notwithstanding anything in this agreement" Bethlehem is to have final and "sole discretion" on: piecework rates, transfers and grievances not specifically noted in the contract.

A quiet pride. Six weeks after the men went out at Fore River, "Tubby" Collins addressed a meeting of the Long Service Club and told the men who had worked 25 years or longer for Bethlehem that they were "the backbone of the shipyard." He told them the yard was open for their return to work. But two years of membership in Local 5, IUMSWA-CIO, had transferred most of these old-timers from ERP faithful to union men. Six weeks after Collins spoke, Local 5 had surrendered only 32 scabs to the company the workers call "Joe Beth."

The average age of the Fore River

DRAWING BY STEFANELLI

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shipyard workers who have taken on "Joe Beth" is 47. Most of them have been in the yard for more than 20 years. Eight hundred have been there more than 25 years; some started their apprenticeship as far back as 1909. They are Irish, Scotch, Yankee, Italian, Scandinavian—men with stubby-fingered mechanics' hands and the quiet pride of artisans. In the small, cluttered union headquarters on Winter Street, up the grade from the yard gates, they plan strategy, assign pickets, write leaflets and radio speeches, handle phone calls from members who are in a jam with the landlord or who need oil for the cook-stove and food for the wife and kiddies.

After four months without a paycheck these men are entitled to look tired around the eyes and to speak slow, weary words. But every time one of them recalls the August night company officials sneaked steel out of the yard, the eyes of all light up with contempt and the words come quick and profane.

Joe was indignant. That night, Bethlehem hired Quincy police at $20 per cop to convoy the steel. Next morning workers set up a picket line along the sidewalk in front of the office building. A "loyal" draftsman tried to crash the line. He was firmly bounced back.

A few days later, into a Massachusetts court of law strode "Joe Beth," indignant at the insult to his employee and mentioning incidentally that the cruisers, Navy property, were going to ruin for lack of care. It developed that the union had offered to pass maintenance workers into the yard provided management would agree not to put them to other work. Management wouldn't agree any more than it would agree to arbitrate the entire dispute between the IUMSWA and the corporation. Such agreements, said "Joe Beth," could be construed only as interference with the divine right of management.

The judge granted an injunction, restricting the union to use of five pickets. Then "Tubby" Collins put the heat on the leadingmen and foremen who have drawn down more than $200,000 for playing pinochle and pitching horseshoes in the yard. He handed them a 66-page "Form of Agreement" which embodied the company proposals, and suggested that they "sell" the agreement to the old-timers by pointing out that "outsiders" in the shape of the national officers of the IUMSWA were standing in the way of settlement.

That afternoon the leadingmen and foremen were on the lookout for shipyard workers in the Quincy shopping district. When they got the laugh from the union members, they dropped around to see the wives. They talked with women whose husbands are denied unemployment compensation by the laws of Massachusetts, women who had learned no other Quincy industry would employ a Local 5 union member, women who had been given the run-around by relief officials (there are only 20 families on relief) and who can't get credit at certain retail stores that have been intimidated by the Quincy chamber of commerce. They talked with these women, but there are still only 32 scabs back in the yard.

At union headquarters they tell about scab John Dyas, for whom union members collected $3,000 not so long ago when Dyas took sick and his family was in need. Or about scab Oliver Tatro, president of the Golden Rule Bible Club, who discovered one evening—as an old-timer puts it—"that the good Lord had struck flat the tires on his car."

A disciplined defense. Such miracles have been rare at Fore River. Except for the dubious incident which provoked the injunction, not even the union-baiting newspapers of Quincy and Boston have been able to claim a single act of violence against IUMSWA Local 5.

The situation calls for this kind of union responsibility and discipline. The IUMSWA believes it is confronting an attack—in the shipbuilding depression which follows every war as regular as clockwork—which will be made against every CIO member when a general depression strikes. At the end of four long months, with winter coming on, the sturdy old-timers of Fore River and all other IUMSWA members are determined that they and not "Joe Beth" will decide what kind of unionism American workers are going to have.

Biography of "Joe Beth"

¶ In 1946, IUMSWA-CIO workers in Bethlehem and other yards won an increase of 15 percent, bringing the minimum shipyard rate to $1.04 an hour.

¶ Also in 1946 Bethlehem voted its executives a 46-percent salary boost. One hundred and thirty-two officials received an aggregate of $5,481,469. J. M. Larkin, Bethlehem vice-president who insists upon the company's need to cut workers' incentive rates, received a bonus of $38,764 over and above his $138,416 salary. (This past June, Bethlehem published full-page newspaper ads telling the public that shipyard wages were too high and telling the workers that high wages were keeping work out of American yards.)

¶ In four war years Bethlehem made an average annual profit of $64.6 million. Buttressed by these millions, the corporation ignores the existence of the Shipbuilding Stabilization Committee, which was bound by agreement to conduct a review of wages in the shipbuilding industry every year until the end of the National Emergency. The Navy, the Army and the Maritime Commission are members of the committee. So is the IUMSWA. Bethlehem, dominant American shipbuilding firm, was a member from 1941 to 1946. Then Bethlehem resigned. The "zone standards" (basic wages and conditions in shipbuilding) to which Bethlehem once agreed are worth no more now in the company's eyes than the right of the shipyard union.

¶ During the past year, President John Green of the IUMSWA-CIO has written and wired President Truman several times citing these facts. The White House has made no reply.

¶ On October 16, Secretary of National Defense James Forrestal bestowed "certificates for war merit" upon three top Bethlehem officials. War merit in the shipbuilding division refers to record-time completion of 1,127 vessels. At press time; the Bethlehem workers who built those ships were walking the picket line on the 123rd day of their struggle.

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U. S. ANTI-SEMITISM TODAY

Although Hitler lost the war, his theories of "Jewish inferiority" are gaining new adherents among Americans every month

by Bruce Bliven

ANTI-SEMITISM is a powerful force in the United States today.

In some of its most important aspects, it is daily growing more serious.

In all of them, it is stronger than you probably realize—stronger in certain respects, according to competent witnesses, than it was in Germany when Hitler came to power. This is especially true in economic matters, education and social relationships.

The word "fascist" has become a much abused and almost meaningless term—so much so that I would not use it if any synonym conveyed the same meaning. It is, nevertheless, exactly and literally true that anti-Semites in this country today reveal the same mental characteristics exhibited by those who constituted the spearhead of fascism in Germany and Italy. If we ever face a real threat of totalitarian dictatorship, there is sound scientific evidence that those who support the myth of racism will be in the vanguard of the anti-democratic movement.

Moral suasion futile. It is extremely disheartening to learn, as we have discovered recently through careful, elaborate tests on a wide scale, covering years of time and costing large sums of money, that one of the methods heretofore chiefly employed to break down racial hostility—namely, simple moral exhortation—is of very little use. On the other hand, because of recent scientific studies, we at last know what techniques are genuinely effective, and are beginning to apply them on a large scale. In a later article in this series, I shall describe these new and more effective methods.

Let me say at once that anti-Semitism is only one aspect, and in this country at this time, not even the most important, of the vicious doctrine of racial-religious hostility. The burden

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the Negro is forced to bear is heavier, on the whole, than that of the Jew. I am writing about anti-Semitism because it offers a good "case history" in this general field, and also because we know that democracy is indivisible. Racism, like every other characteristic of potential or actual fascism, must be fought on all fronts simultaneously. Indeed, it goes with every other symptom of the sickness of our civilization. As Dr. David W. Petegorsky of the American Jewish Congress has well said:

"There can be no *fair* employment before there is *full* employment. *Fair* educational practices will not be securely established until there are *full* educational facilities for everyone. Discrimination in housing will not be abolished until there are full housing facilities. . . . The fight to achieve full employment, full education, housing and public facilities is therefore a fundamental aspect of the struggle to end racism and discrimination in all of its forms."

During the Second World War, the situation in this country seemed better than in fact it was. Hitler was the chief supporter of the myth of Nordic supremacy which is also accepted by American anti-Semites; and because they did not want to associate themselves publicly with his anti-Semitic and anti-Negro views, most of them kept fairly quiet. Since the end of the war, they have become more outspoken. They have also acted more positively on their beliefs; and it is their deeds rather than their words which are important. For every individual who publicly rails against the alleged sins of the Jews, there are many hundreds who quietly practise one or another of the forms of anti-Semitism. It is the tacit, silent conspiracy against the Jew that is the most important aspect of the whole matter; the hardest to fight; the one that constitutes the greatest ultimate peril to democratic principles.

As this is written, the United States as a whole is enjoying substantial prosperity. In many areas and numerous fields of employment there are more jobs than people to fill them. For this reason, racial discrimination in employment against Jew or Negro, Japanese or Chinese or Mexican, is at a minimum. But all economists know that our present inflationary prosperity is likely to be followed in the near future by violent depression, with huge unemployment. As soon as a buyers' market exists in hiring, we shall return to the conditions which formerly prevailed. Then racial and religious minorities will again find it doubly difficult to get a job, will be last to be hired, first to be fired, and will always be under pressure to do equal work for less pay or more and better work for the same pay.

"Christians only." Even today, when in many fields demand for labor far outruns supply, the situation is worse than most people realize. A recent survey of help-wanted advertising in eight large cities showed that advertisements which specified "Christians only" or had other discriminatory restrictions have *trebled* since the end of the war. The only city of which this was not true was New York,

This is the first in a series of articles on the types and causes of the growing anti-Semitic prejudice and propaganda in the US.

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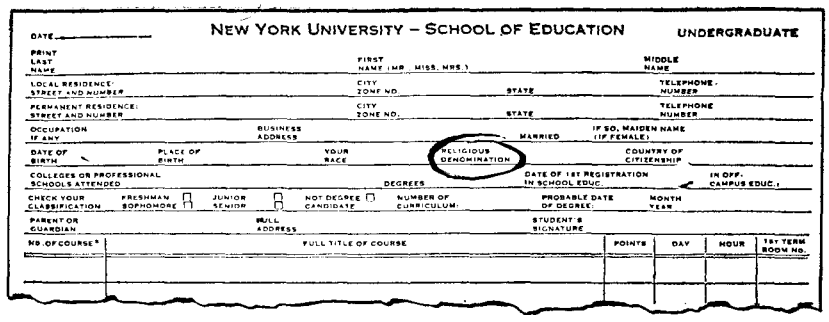
which is under a state law forbidding public advertising of this sort.

Known cases where Jews have been refused employment on racial-religious grounds have doubled in those states where the practice is not forbidden by law. In such states, about 90 percent of employment agencies now require all applicants to state their religion.

A careful survey in Chicago showed that jobs closed to Jews include 60 percent of those offered to executives, 50 percent of sales-executive positions, 40 percent of clerical positions for men, 25 percent of those for women.

In regard to discrimination in the colleges, the situation is the opposite of that in employment. In the graduate professional schools there has been a steady closing of the doors to Jewish students for the last quarter of a century. In the 1930's, however, when depression had the country in its grip, many liberal-arts colleges had far fewer students than they wanted, and were less inclined to be choosy.

Secret discrimination. Today, with general prosperity and the GI Bill of Rights, the colleges are overflowing. From a total college population of about 1.2 million we have gone up to a potential attendance of 2.7 million. The estimate has been made that 500,000 students without war experience are being kept out of college by present crowded conditions. The GI Bill of Rights, however, does not automatically guarantee that the veteran will gain admission, even if he is fully qualified as to past scholastic record. It merely says that if he can get into college through his own efforts, the government will help pay his expenses. Those colleges—and there are hundreds of them—which follow secret policies of discrimination will usually give preference to a Gentile war veteran over a Gentile civilian applicant. But there is nothing to prevent their discriminating against a Jewish veteran —and they do.


NEW YORK UNIVERSITY – SCHOOL OF EDUCATION UNDERGRADUATE

DATE

PRINT LAST NAME | FIRST NAME (MR., MISS, MRS.) | MIDDLE NAME

LOCAL RESIDENCE: STREET AND NUMBER | CITY ZONE NO. | STATE | TELEPHONE NUMBER

PERMANENT RESIDENCE: STREET AND NUMBER | CITY ZONE NO. | STATE | TELEPHONE NUMBER

OCCUPATION IF ANY | BUSINESS ADDRESS | MARRIED | IF SO, MAIDEN NAME (IF FEMALE)

DATE OF BIRTH | PLACE OF BIRTH | YOUR RACE | RELIGIOUS DENOMINATION | COUNTRY OF CITIZENSHIP

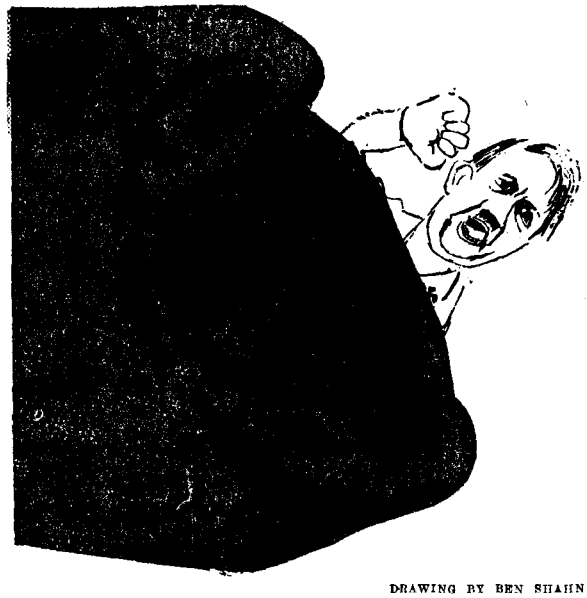
COLLEGES OR PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS ATTENDED | DEGREES | DATE OF 1ST REGISTRATION IN SCHOOL EDUC. | IN OFF-CAMPUS EDUC.

CHECK YOUR CLASSIFICATION: FRESHMAN ☐ SOPHOMORE ☐ JUNIOR ☐ SENIOR ☐ NOT DEGREE CANDIDATE ☐ | NUMBER OF CURRICULUM | PROBABLE DATE OF DEGREE: MONTH YEAR

PARENT OR GUARDIAN | FULL ADDRESS | STUDENT'S SIGNATURE

NO. OF COURSE*	FULL TITLE OF COURSE	POINTS	DAY	HOUR	1ST TERM ROOM NO.

The situation in the colleges is paralleled as regards social discrimination in hotels, clubs and vacation resorts. During the thirties most of these places were operating half-empty, sometimes at a loss, and were not inclined to be too selective about their guests, but today they are overwhelmed with applicants. They can and do discriminate without financial loss. Another type of discrimination that is growing is the refusal of many communities or parts of communities to sell or rent all-year homes to Jews, Negroes or members of other minorities. These agreements are usually embodied in restrictive covenants which all purchasers of property are required to sign in advance, promising that they will not resell or rent to persons of the proscribed groups. Up to now, such restrictive covenants have been supported by the law. As I shall point out later in this series, the constitutionality of such covenants will soon come up for review in the United States Supreme Court, whose decision will have far-reaching consequences.



DRAWING BY BEN SHAHN

DER FUEHRER'S TRUMPETINGS LIVE ON

The complicated situation in Palestine has had tremendous repercussions in regard to anti-Semitism in the United States, not all of which move in the same direction. Many American anti-Semites are also extreme nationalists, isolationists and Anglophobes. It has been a favorite thesis of theirs that Britain has dragged us into two successive wars; some of them are Irish Catholics, who hate Britain because of her past treatment of Ireland; but some of these also hate the Jews on the false ground that they are all Communists and therefore enemies of organized religion. Sometimes they believe in a sort of perverted Zionism: "Let's send all the Jews to Palestine and get rid of them."

The Arabs, in their fight against a Jewish state in Palestine, or heavy additional immigration, have disseminated anti-Jewish propaganda in the United States, some of which has certainly been effective.

The illogic of hatred. The same Americans who resist most bitterly the efforts of Jews to merge themselves with our population as a whole, illogically seize upon the idea of a Jewish state in Palestine as proving that the Jews don't want to become and remain good Americans, that their ambitions lie elsewhere, despite the obvious fact that most of the American Jews clearly do not want to live anywhere else than here, and that Palestine is chiefly intended as an asylum for the homeless refugees of Eastern Europe, fleeing from a hostility which, in certain areas at least, is far

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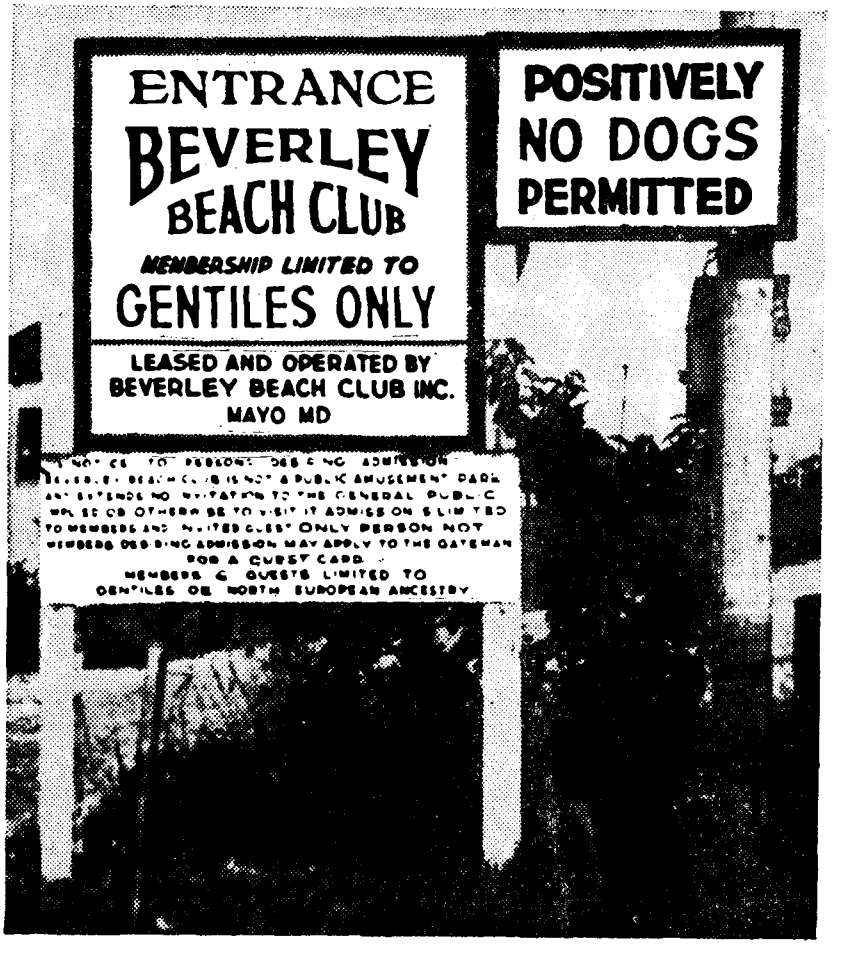

Democratic Nationalist Party

Minnesota District
Minneapolis-St.Paul Group

To: Columbians Inc.

From: Leadership Command of the DNP. 28.12.46

Subject: Commendation.

1. With the beginning of the year 1947, we of the Democratic

We of the DNP believe that we can only have true unity without Jews, Negroes, and Communists.

3. In our own Group Headquarters we are beginning an offensive that will justify our claim to being the anti-Semitic capital of the United States. We are all sick and tired of hearing the whining of the racial scum about equal rights.

Leadership Command D N P Official

Signed:
District Leader George Ritter

Countersigned:
Group Leader Franz Kindler

DOCUMENTS COURTESY AMERICAN JEWISH CONGRESS

more difficult to bear than the restrictions that would confront them in the New World.

The anti-Semites in this country are disturbed by the idea that some of these displaced persons might try to come to America. They ignore all the obvious facts: that this country could take every European displaced person and never know the difference (in any adverse sense); that these immigrants would add enormously to our working population and our wealth, and that in any case, some 80 percent of the million or so displaced persons whose need is most acute are Protestants and Catholics. When the Stratton bill was up in the 1947 session of Congress—a bill that would have permitted a substantial number of DP's to enter the US—bitter opposition was displayed in the congressional hearings, much of it by members of Congress themselves.

Foreign money. While it is true that unorganized, tacit anti-Semitism is by far the most extensive and the most difficult with which to deal, we must not underrate the efforts of the organized hate-mongers. Even today, there are scores of such groups, pouring out their fantastic poison through dozens of magazines of their own and hundreds of pamphlets and books, some of which achieve substantial circulation. During the 1930's, some of these groups were aided directly by the Hitler government, through the German-American Bund; the Nazis admitted that they had appropriated half a billion dollars for propaganda abroad, much of which was spent in the United States. Nearly every one of the seditionists indicted by the federal government spewed out anti-Semitism along with his ultra-nationalist, isolationist, reactionary and totalitarian doctrines.

Today, these professional anti-Semites are somewhat less active than they were in the thirties, but the reason for this is one that should cause us apprehension rather than the contrary. They are fighting a little less hard because they no longer need to; in a disturbing degree, they consider that their battle is won. They worked unceasingly

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against President Roosevelt and the New Deal—which Elizabeth Dilling and others described as the "Jew Deal"—but today, Franklin Delano Roosevelt is gone, the New Deal is ended and the New Dealers are scattered. With President Truman in the White House and a conservative coalition ruling both houses of Congress, with many liberals and progressives everywhere terrorized into silence, with witch hunts and loyalty tests accepted almost without popular protest, we have gone a long distance on the road these protofascists recommend. They have always denounced communism and Russia. Today, with anti-Russian feeling rising to the height of nationwide hysteria, the hate-mongers are in the position of being able to say, "I told you so." Thereby they gain respectability, and their whole doctrine, of which anti-Semitism is and has been one of the chief points, obtains more general acceptance.

CIVIL RIGHTS LAW **§ 40**

§ 40. Equal rights in places of public accommodation, resort or amusement.

All persons within the jurisdiction of this state shall be entitled to the full and equal accommodations, advantages, facilities and privileges of any places of public accommodations, resort or amusement, subject only to the conditions and limitations established by law and applicable alike to all persons. No person, being the owner, lessee, proprietor, manager, superintendent, agent or employee of any such place shall directly or indirectly refuse, withhold from or deny to any person any of the accommodations, advantages, facilities or privileges thereof, or directly or indirectly publish, circulate, issue, display, post or mail any written or printed communication, notice or advertisement, to the effect that any of the accommodations, advantages, facilities and privileges of any such place shall be refused, withheld from or denied to any person on account of race, creed, color or national origin, or that the patronage or custom thereat, of any person belonging to or purporting to be of any particular race, creed, color or national origin is unwelcome, objectionable or not acceptable, desired or solicited. The production of any such written or printed communication, notice or advertisement, purporting to relate to any such place and to be made by any person being the owner, lessee, proprietor, superintendent or manager thereof, shall be presumptive evidence in any civil or criminal action that the same was authorized by such person. A place of public accommodation, resort or amusement within the meaning of this

FROM ARTICLE 4 OF THE NEW YORK LAW

Red made black. Anti-Semitic propaganda follows this pattern: The Jews are all communists, though they are also all international bankers. Either communism is just a plot of the bankers, or banking is just a plot of the communists, it is not quite clear which. These international banker-communists are seeking control of the world, in spite of the fact that they already have it. Only in America is their rule less than perfect, and only because of the vigilance of this little handful of professional patriots.

The arguments of the hate-mongers give a sense of organization and stability to millions of neurotic individuals who find an inner compensation for their own inadequacies in hating someone else and attributing everything that is wrong to the machinations of some sinister group. It is significant that a sharp increase in anti-Semitism has been found among Gentile veterans of the Second World War; everyone knows that war experiences proved deeply disturbing, in a psychological sense, to a large proportion of soldiers. Such anti-Semitism has been found to be much greater among those of the ex-soldiers who are now suffering economic hardships.

The professional propagandists leave their mark on millions of people who have only the most casual contact with their outpourings and are unaware of being so influenced. They furnish detailed, ostensibly factual ammunition to the sympathizer who spreads their poison by word of mouth among his neighbors, a poison which these neighbors are in no position to refute.

And as I have said, even when the hate-mongers go more or less underground, as they did during the war, their members do not alter their convictions. For example, in most parts of the US the Ku Klux Klan is again in eclipse, though in certain states it still goes on about as brazenly as ever. Twenty years ago the KKK had very nearly three million members; there is every reason to believe that many people still continue to subscribe to its ideas of hatred for Negroes, Jews and Catholics.

"The Jews." Public-opinion polls on a subject like this have to be formulated with great skill to have any real significance. A blunt question frequently brings the answer which the interviewee thinks is wanted, or will sound well, rather than what he believes in his heart. In any case, however, such a poll, if erroneous, would be likely to underrate anti-Semitism rather than to exaggerate it. It is significant, therefore, that polls on this subject have shown that at least 20 million people in this country possess some degree of anti-Semitism. If you add in the attitude toward the other minority groups, the proportion of those showing hostility is of course enormously greater.

A poll conducted by *Fortune* magazine and published in that journal in October, 1947, was partly devoted to prejudice against minority groups. Thirty-six percent of those who answered this poll declared that "the Jews" are getting too much economic power. In the Far West, this proportion went up to 46 percent. Twenty-one percent throughout the country thought that "the Jews" are getting too much political power. Only about one-quarter of American adults, on a basis of this sample, show any real concern about anti-minority discrimination.

Hostility. *Fortune* also reports that anti-Semitism is much worse in small towns and rural areas, where there are very few Jews, than in the big industrial centers of the Northeast, where they are largely concentrated. The reverse of this is true regarding hostility to the Negro, which is strongest in the South. (Some experts in this subject question the finding of the *Fortune* poll. They hold that serious anti-Semitism occurs only in areas where there are enough Jews to provide economic competition.)

Who are the most important hate-mongers today? What are they saying, and whom do they reach? The answers will be set forth in the second article in this series.

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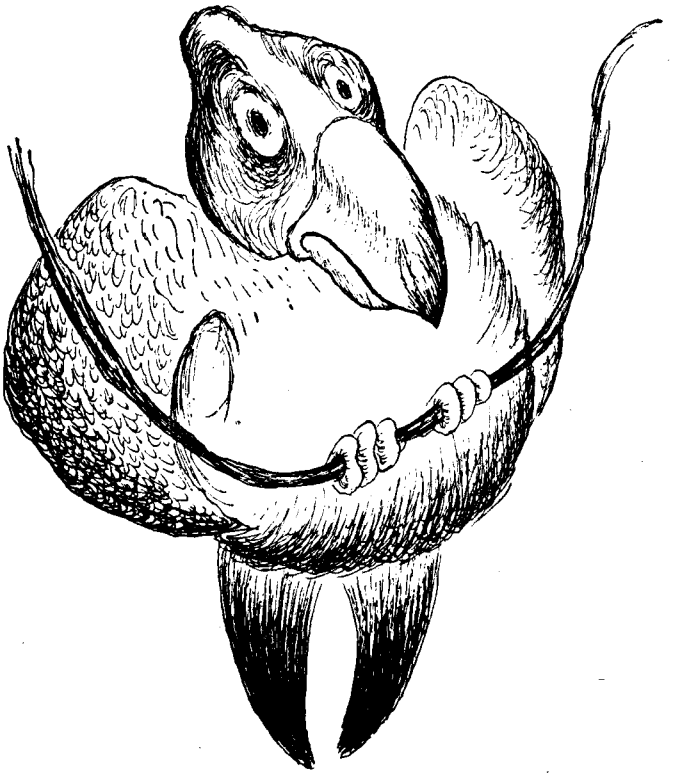
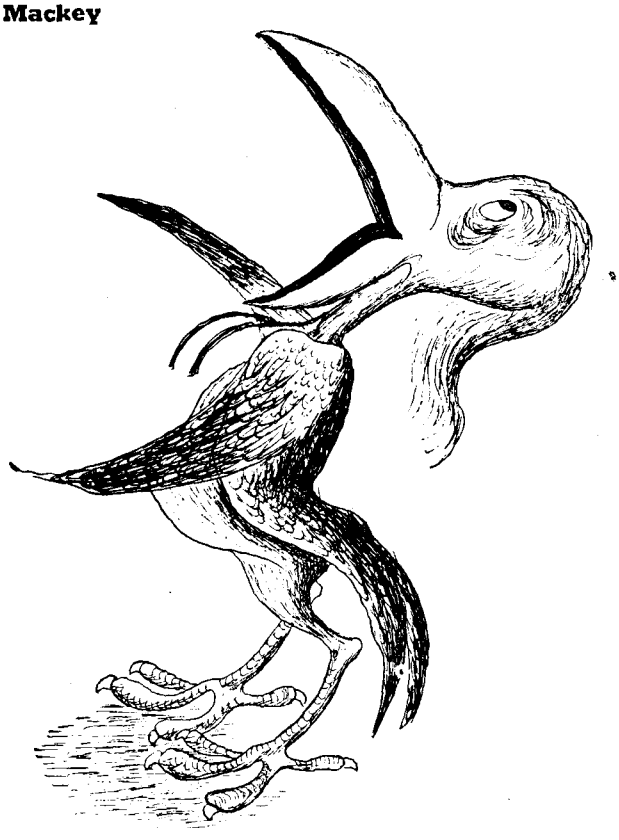
New Republic's Guide to North American Birds

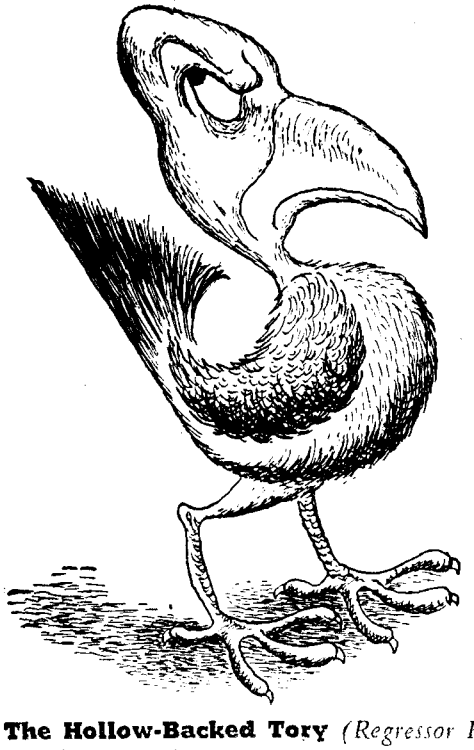
Drawn by John Mackey



The Greater Monopolist *(Corporatio carnivora)*
A large bird; perches at a great height, swoops down on small creatures and has been known to fall of its own weight. Gradually disappearing in Europe, but still prevalent in North and South America.



The Long-Billed Filibuster *(Polltaxus Americanus)*
Will stand for many hours, waving its wings, swaying its body and issuing a hoarse note. Habitat: mostly found in the southern part of North America.



The Hollow-Backed Tory *(Regressor Hooveri)*
Due to its unusual anatomical structure, this bird can only look and walk backward. Voice: a prolonged, plaintive note. Habitat: nests in high buildings.

The Long-Tongued Bigot *(Histericus domesticus)*
Both male and female have habits similar to those of the parrot family. Voice: whispering notes ending in shrill screams. Habitat: especially prevalent where food and shelter are scarce.

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AIRBORNE FROM SAN JUAN

Thieves? Okies? Useful citizens? What kind of lives do the Puerto Ricans abandon? What do they face on the US mainland?

by Norman Grieser

Thousands of Puerto Rican migrants arrive each month to begin new lives in America. To tell the story of those aboard a recent plane, the author, a member of the New Republic *editorial staff, first saw them in their Puerto Rican homes, then flew with them to New York. Six weeks later he followed them into their new lives in the poorer sections of Manhattan.*

THE pink-stucco Isla Grande Airport terminal was crowded and smelled of human beings in the tropics. Across the waiting room, a short, stocky Puerto Rican stood beside the cash register, shouting above the questions of the 20 or so anxious passengers who crowded around. "The flight is canceled," he said, waving a wad of five and ten-dollar bills in his right hand. "Maybe one, two, three more days before the plane comes. If you want, give me your tickets and get your money back."

For the Puerto Rican men, women and children who were on the passenger list of the plane that had failed to arrive, this had been the great day. After packing cardboard suitcases, brown-paper parcels and wicker hampers, they had left the farms, villages and small cities which were their homes to travel by bus, narrow-gauge railroad and taxi to San Juan to take off for the US. Before starting on their journey they had spent months saving for the ticket and for a small stake which would tide them over the first days without a job on the mainland. After waiting through a hot Caribbean day in the airport terminal, most of them were now stranded without a place to stay overnight, and the extra expense was something they hadn't taken into account.

We were luckier. I sat on the opposite side of the room with 17 others due to take a later plane. Beside me, Pablo, a middle-aged Puerto Rican who was returning to New York with his wife and two sons, gestured toward the crowd gathered around the ticket agent.

"These people," Pablo pointed, "they go to an agent in their village and say they want to fly to New York. They do not know about different companies. That man returning money, his company does not own any airplanes. As soon as he gets enough people to make a plane load, he charters one of the planes the veterans are flying between Puerto Rico and the mainland. Sometimes it is all right. Sometimes it is like tonight. I have flown back and forth several times and am glad to be flying with a reliable company."

The airline Pablo had chosen through experience was the one which had flown me to San Juan from New York. It was the American Air Export and Import Company, a non-scheduled airline which makes two or three Caribbean flights a week. "Aaxico," as it calls itself, is a war baby. It flies surplus Army and Navy planes and its pilots and crews are almost wholly made up of ex-GI's. I had met Captain Kail, a young, self-assured director of the airline, in the company's offices in midtown Manhattan. He had warned me not to expect all the comforts of a regulation commercial four-engined airliner. "We're furnishing something new in aviation —second-class travel," he said. "Our plane maintenance is as good or better than the big airlines. Aaxico is cheaper, but it's just as safe."

Eighteen of us were waiting for the Aaxico plane to New York. Pablo and his wife were calm, but echoes of the troubles of the other group at the ticket counter caused ripples of anxiety among the passengers, relatives and friends eager for the take-off announcement. Teresa, a shy Puerto Rican girl of 10, came over with her grandmother to be reassured, while 12-year-old Gregorio stood guard over the luggage.

The children lived with their grandparents in a suburb of San Juan. Two days before I had taken a bus through the city to the lower-middle-class district in which they lived. The windows of the bus had no panes; the passengers pull down the shades to keep out the rain whenever a shower begins. Across the aisle a middle-aged Puerto Rican was quieting a game cock, and in the rear a younger man hummed as he strummed his guitar. On the stuccoed white, pink and coral walls of houses of Spanish design, there appeared signs advertising "Feen-A-Mint," "Esso," "Exide" and the endless struggle between Pepsi and Coca. The bus drove past movie theaters billing "Flor de Insidia" ("The Strange Woman"), with Hedy Lamarr, and "Grandes Ilusiones" ("Great Expectations"). Just before the bus stopped at the street where Teresa and Gregorio lived with their grandparents, I spotted the Fancy Pants Manufacturing Company.

On an unpaved street. Teresa and Gregorio lived in an unpretentious wooden house set on stilts. The unpaved street was narrow, and dirty water ran in the narrow ditch which served as a gutter. Several naked brown children, aged three to four, played at the corner. When I told the

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grandmother I was traveling on the same plane with Teresa and Gregorio, she offered me a cane-bottomed chair in the living room. On the blue, wooden walls hung a picture of Jesus Christ, torn from an old calendar, and a yellowed, early portrait of President Roosevelt. There was the smell of cooking from the kitchen in the rear and cracked linoleum served to cover the floor planks.

One man's family. The history of this family is a story in miniature of the Puerto Ricans who migrate to the US. Thirty or 40 years before, the grandparents had moved into San Juan from the small town of Rio Grande, looking for a better lot than that of poor farmers. Grandfather had worked in a button factory. Crippled by a fall from a horse while serving in the army during World War I, he had been pensioned. During the past several years, his daughters had married and gone to New York. Teresa and Gregorio had been left behind with the grandparents until they were old enough to travel. Eddie, another grandchild less than two years old, stalked around the living room using his grandfather's cane as a hobby horse, his brown body naked and fat. He would be the next to go.

Another passenger in our group at the airport terminal was José, a short man wearing dark glasses. He had been living on a small farm about an hour away from San Juan. I had been taken there in a rattling station wagon by Zab, a middle-aged Puerto Rican with graying hair, who had picked up his Americanisms while driving for the Navy during the war. Zab had driven me past El Fanguito (little mud hole), one of San Juan's notorious slums. Built on a salt marsh, the shacks of El Fanguito are made of boxes, crates and rusty pieces of corrugated iron. Small children wade in the mud and water and play underneath the houses out of the hot midmorning sun.

Ten minutes farther on, the road took us past large homes set in well tended lawns and gardens, which were similar to those anywhere from Long Island to the expensive suburbs of Chicago or Los Angeles. Another 10 minutes and we were in the open countryside where sugar-cane fields lined the two-lane macadam highway. There were rum distilleries, dilapidated wooden farmhouses set on stilts with corrugated-iron roofs, and an occasional cow. Zab used the station-wagon horn with fiery energy to shoo away the farmers walking beside the road leading a goat or a pig, or an occasional man on horseback.

José, the Aaxico passenger, lived in a small house on a hill. The house was new, and unlike most of the older farmhouses, had gutters and spouts to carry off rain water for storage. Behind the house was José's small auto and truck-repair shop. He had decided to travel to New York to join his brother, a taxi driver. There he hoped to get a job as a mechanic and later on open his own garage.

DRAWINGS BY EUGENE KARLIN

Not far away from José's home, Zab and I found a young fruit farmer who was leaving by a later plane. He was saying *adiós* to his small, unpainted farmhouse to seek a better living for his three children on the mainland. The children were staying behind with relatives, but as we climbed back into the station wagon, Zab said, "Don't worry about the kids. He'll send for them later when he gets a job in New York. We Puerto Ricans, we love our kids."

Five youngsters. At the airport building there were five children among the 18 of us who were waiting for the Aaxico plane to New York. In addition to Pablo's two sons and Teresa and Gregorio, Johnny, a two-year-old boy in a sailor suit, was traveling with his mother.

Dressed in their best clothes, Teresa and Gregorio had been taken by their grandmother to the airport that afternoon. They sat beside me patiently. It was 8:30 in the evening, and a sudden tropical rainstorm had come and gone before the take-off of the Aaxico plane was announced. After a quick but tearful goodbye, Grandmother gave the children cotton to stuff in their ears and we all piled into the cream and brown leatherette seats of the two-engined plane. All of the 17 Puerto Rican passengers, except Pablo and his family, were flying to New York. Pablo had friends to visit in Miami and expected to travel north by bus a week or so later. A few of the Puerto Ricans fly to Miami and then take the bus in order to save money, but Jim Crow on Southern buses and trains keeps this from being a general practice.

The other seasoned traveler among the passengers was a New York-Puerto Rican real-estate dealer who had lived in the United States for 25 years. His first American job had been in a macaroni factory and later on he had sold men's clothing. Now he had a wife and three children in New York. With him was his sister, a Puerto Rican nurse, who was going to live with his family in the Bronx and hoped to find a job in a New York hospital.

The other Puerto Rican migrants aboard the plane were setting out alone, flying for the first time and carrying with them the hopes and ambitions of the thousands of Islanders who are coming to the United States. Helen, a pretty 18-year-old girl in a

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pink dress, was bound for Brooklyn to join a sister who worked in a factory. Damos, a restaurant worker, had a brother who had lived in the Bronx for three years. Isadore had worked in a warehouse in Ponce, a city on the southern coast of Puerto Rico. He had an aunt and uncle in Harlem and was willing to take "any kind of job." Pedro had served in the Army in France and Germany, guarding prisoners of war. He hoped to get a job, save some money, then go to college under the GI Bill of Rights. Ahead of him in New York were a brother and sister who had lived there for many years.

No passports. All of the Puerto Ricans, of course, were US citizens. None of them aboard the plane had signed up for a job on the mainland under a labor contract. Such contract workers are now closely supervised by the Island government. With the demand for domestic and agricultural workers still high and the opening up of air and sea travel after V-J Day, Puerto Ricans rushed to sign up for jobs in the United States. Mushrooming labor agencies shipped workers to Chicago, Miami, Philadelphia, Atlanta and other cities and states. Trying to make a quick profit, the agencies sent laborers to the mainland who lacked aptitude or training. Many knew little or no English.

Such labor recruiters are now licensed by the Island government, and job candidates are screened by the Labor Department, the police and the Department of Health. The two labor agencies operating in San Juan send farm, factory and cannery workers to Philadelphia and the surrounding areas. Most of the farm laborers come up on a three-month contract. They leave Puerto Rico at the end of the sugar season in May or June and return in time for the next sugar season in January. However, on the basis of past experience, about 50 percent of the 2,000 contract laborers who come for jobs this year will stay in the United States.

Domestic workers are being sent to Philadelphia under a one-year contract. In return for passage and a minimum salary of $15 a week for the first 12 weeks and $16.25 a week thereafter, they work in the homes of Philadelphia's rich "main-line" district. Under their contract they are guaranteed "meals, one day off in seven, lodging in a respectable and refined atmosphere" and are not required to "do laundry without use of a washing machine." Careful selection and close supervision have kept the number of complaints by both employers and employees fairly low.

But, like the passengers aboard the Aaxico plane, the vast majority of Puerto Ricans travel to the United States on their own. Pulled by letters from relatives and friends, and pushed by chronic unemployment, low living standards, malnutrition and lack of school facilities in Puerto Rico, they set out on the universal human trail toward self-betterment. Crowding into ships and planes, they stream into Eastern cities at the rate of several thousand a month.

All the blame. Like most migrants, they meet with hostility. All the troubles of overcrowded Harlem are dumped on their shoulders. Newspaper and magazine headlines blame Puerto Ricans for making a slum out of low-income districts, forgetting or ignoring the many slums of America's large cities built and maintained by other groups. Local newspapers make headlines out of the Puerto Ricans on relief, while other migrants from America's Caribbean dependency who make a successful place for themselves are not mentioned.

None of my fellow Puerto Rican passengers came from the slums. As a

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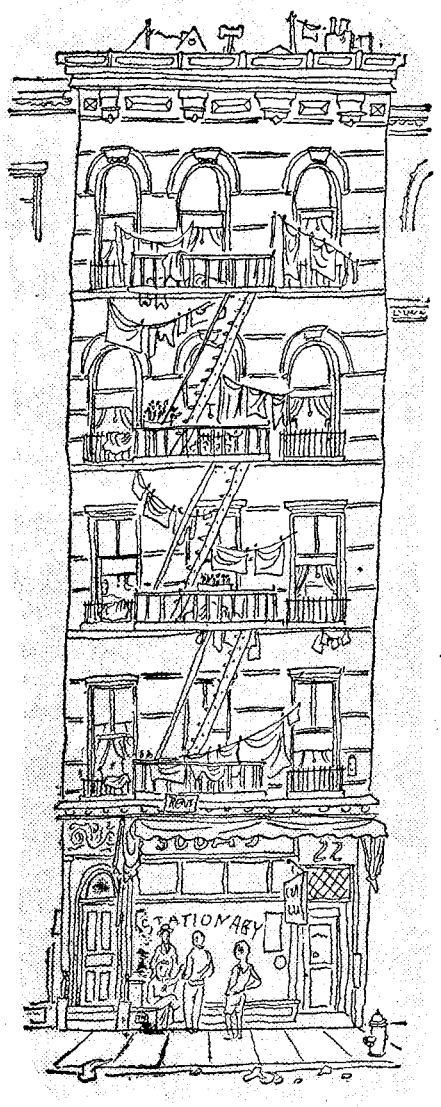

general rule, slum dwellers do not have the passage money and the small financial stake which a migrant needs to make the great adventure. In New York, to which it is estimated that 90 to 95 percent of the Puerto Ricans go (70 percent of them settle in Harlem), living conditions are crowded, but not noticeably more so than in other low-income areas. Some of the migrants end up on relief or in jails. Others, the ones you don't read about, get jobs, open shops, find apartments and establish homes despite all the odds against them. Still others return to Puerto Rico.

Six weeks later. The small group of Puerto Ricans which had traveled in the same plane with me scattered into all sections of New York after we landed. A month or so after our arrival, I went around to see how Teresa and Gregorio, the young Puerto Rican children, were getting along.

At the rear of a dingy corridor in a third-floor walkup in Manhattan's lower East Side, I found them sharing a small apartment with three adults. The kitchen was used as a living room and the bedrooms were crowded. The smell of cooking and the cracked linoleum on the floor reminded me of their wooden house in San Juan. There was less sun and light, but they had a bathroom. Teresa had changed her red dress for a pair of blue-checked slacks, and wore her hair tied back in the manner of some of the Hollywood stars. Although living conditions were overcrowded, both Teresa and Gregorio were going to school. Back in San Juan, Gregorio had missed more than a year of schooling because all the schools in his neighborhood were full.

Another young Puerto Rican on the plane, Francisco, had impressed his fellow passengers with his above-average knowledge of English. Francisco had graduated from a high school in Arecibo and had worked as a laboratory assistant in one of the city's clinics. He had come to New York with high hopes of finding a similar job and the opportunity to study.

I found him living with his sister in one room of an apartment in a rickety Harlem building. His sister's double bed and the single cot on which Francisco sleeps fill the room. There are no cooking facilities, and things really get crowded when his sister's husband comes home from his job at sea in the merchant marine.

Francisco had not been able to find a hospital job. He had no diploma. First he became an usher in a movie theater. Finding the long hours of standing unpleasant, he had taken a job in a button factory at $25 a week. In January he will enroll for an eight-month course in laboratory and X-ray technique, and when he gets his diploma he hopes to find the kind of job he wants. Even the overcrowded living conditions may not last; his sister has lined up an apartment which will be available in another month.

The crowded streets of Spanish Harlem, where Francisco lives, are a cross-section of what the Puerto Rican migrant finds in his new land. Children play in the dirty streets outside the dingy tenements. But here also are fresh milk and vegetables, plentiful and cheap by Puerto Rican standards. Although many take the menial jobs of the city, as doormen or dishwashers, there are Puerto Rican shops and stores run by those who have prospered. In the Washington Heights section of New York, Puerto Ricans have lifted themselves into the middle and upper-income groups. As a contrast to the Puerto Ricans on relief or those who are a problem for the police, there are José Figueroa, the concert violinist, Graciela Rivera, the opera singer, and many others who have made good.

Black or white? Looking at photographs of San Juan, a Puerto Rican woman who is a Manhattan social leader said, "If you publish pictures of the slums, please print also a picture of the fine public buildings, the sunny parks of San Juan. We Puerto Ricans have had enough bad publicity." Another successful Puerto Rican merchant in Harlem had pointed at the photos of El Fanguito and the farmhouse shacks of the island. "Publish those," he said. "Show Americans how bad it can be in Puerto Rico."

Perhaps he had forgotten how pleasant the city of San Juan could be, as he said, "I think I know what faces the Puerto Rican in New York as well as anyone. I have met with it myself for almost 30 years. But if I had my way, my people would all come up. Every one of them."

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BOOKS IN REVIEW: Freud and Art

THE DREAMS THAT HEAL[1]

by Frederic Wertham

THREE great psychiatrists mark the milestones of man's fight against madness. At the time of the French Revolution, Pinel, who was under the influence of the English philosopher Locke, took the chains from the insane. About a hundred years later Kraepelin established the first valid system of classification. The terms "dementia praecox," and "manic-depressive," which he introduced, have become popularly known. Kraepelin's psychiatry represents a search for the processes which account for the surface manifestations of psychiatric disease entities. Freud found the key to dynamic understanding of abnormal mental life. He traced those infinitesimal yet powerful bridges that connect thought with thought and emotion with emotion and are constructed according to a logic all their own.

One can say, therefore, that Pinel taught us that the mentally ill have human and civic rights, Kraepelin taught us that they suffer from clinical diseases and Freud taught us that they are understandable.

Mental disorder in all its forms is such an affliction that it seems a far cry from psychiatry to what Thomas Mann called the resolution of the clinical in the poetic. And yet

> the lunatic, the poet, and the lover
> are of imagination all compact.

Before Freud. In ancient times there was a close association between psychiatry and literature, between the cure of madness and the poetic inspiration for lyrical song. Melampus, the first psychiatrist, who flourished before the Trojan War, was famous for his cures of insanity, which he accomplished by ecstatic songs accompanied by procedures based on what we would now call psychoanalytic reasoning. George Meredith wrote a poem about Melampus, the mental healer who saw "nature and song allied."

Psychiatry slowly became a science and moved far away from songs and literature. It learned, as Mahatma Gandhi once wrote to the poet Rabindranath Tagore, that "it is impossible to soothe suffering with songs." And literature, losing its original utilitarian function as work songs, songs to cure and songs of ritual, has developed more and more its own esthetic canons and characteristics.

In the second half of the nineteenth century psychiatry based itself on natural science. Whatever psychology there was in psychiatry was reduced to lifeless abstractions. One of the leading psychiatrists of that era, Möbius, wrote a famous and sincere treatise on the "hopelessness of all psychology." But the patients kept on having their own psychology nevertheless. The psychiatrists who treated them knew that; but they worked according to a double orientation. Their systematizations were unpsychological and confined to narrow categories of natural science. When they spoke to their patients, however—and in those days they were more apt to speak to them than listen to them—they used an unsystematized psychology of common sense. Where did they get it from?

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EARLY ENGLISH THERAPY

Psychiatrists have always been influenced by literature, though they may not always have known or admitted it. That part of their knowledge they did not rate as important enough to put down in their systems.

In this pre-Freudian epoch of psychiatry, when a microscope was one of the chief instruments of knowledge and not a symbol, the prevailing attitude in literature was impressionism. Writers were proud to be individualistic and detached from society, and saw their highest goal in recording—with the best esthetic methods—their own impressions. Pierre Loti, for example, wrote his beautiful descriptions of exotic countries, oblivious of the blood of the colonial slaves that stained the misty landscapes of his artistic imagination. While the artists were listening to their impressions, they were one day rudely awakened by the thunder of guns of the First World War. Almost overnight, in every branch of literature and art, impressionism went out of fashion and painters and writers began to use broader strokes.

Enter Freud. It was at about this time that Freud's psychoanalysis gained a foothold with a wider audience both inside and outside the psychiatric profession. Freud explored not only the meanings hidden in the acts of persons, but also those in the printed pages of books from the Greek classics to Dostoevsky. He was like an archeologist who discovers the intact relics of an old bridge, a bridge built

[1] From *The World Within*, an anthology of psychiatric stories, edited by Mary Louise Aswell, with introduction and comments by Frederic Wertham, to be published by Whittlesey House on November 10. It will be the January selection of the Book Find Club.

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of myths and dreams. For the content of every neurosis is an individual myth.

All great literature has been abreast of the best knowledge of its time. Goethe in his novel, *The Elective Affinities,* used the then-new theories of chemical affinity as an analogy for the psychological explanation of the relations among his characters. It is interesting that the much later word psychoanalysis and some of the terms of this science, like sublimation, originate from just such chemical analogies.

The danger of using science in literature is that it is done too directly and that the pattern of science, with its own classifications and subdivisions, obtrudes in the artistic design. This happened sometimes to Stendhal, who described the behavior of people according to "comparative anatomy" (which led to the milieu theory of Hippolyte Taine) and "physiology." This same kind of "abstract, analyzing dryness," as Romain Rolland calls it, occurs in Tolstoy's early writings, before he reached artistic maturity. Zola used physiology as he found it in the writings of the great French scientist, Claude Bernard, and the theories of heredity and "degeneration." Ibsen made fun of that kind of endeavor in *Peer Gynt* and Bernard Shaw wrote *The Sanity of Art* against it.

Psychoanalysis is analysis of a special kind. It does not delve into the mind to isolate disparate elements. That type of analysis, which leads nowhere, is exemplified by Professor Lowes's study of Coleridge, *The Road to Xanadu.* Psychoanalysis aims to relate the detail, the symbol, to the living organism as a whole. It is here that the research of the scientist and the search of the artist find a common meeting ground.

LEOPOLDO MENDEZ, COURTESY N. Y. PUBLIC LIBRARY
THE INSANE

The future. The diffusion of psychoanalytic ideas, in novels and stories, on stage and screen, is in itself a progressive phenomenon. It means an extension of the realm of reality with which art deals. But too often writers exploit the most superficial aspects of psychoanalysis as a revelation of deep psychology. They name an emotion instead of describing it and analyze it without conveying it. They neglect Kafka's axiom that "art flies around the truth, but takes good care not to get burned."

In the field of art and literature the psychiatrist often meets with definite resistance. He is reminded that literary figures are not real people. This is undeniably so. An imaginary character is not a real person, just as a marble Venus is not a real woman but a statue. But, as the novelist, Stella Benson, says, "People made of skin and bones are just as incredible as people made out of ink and paper."

The attempts to build fences around literary criticism are merely attempts to evade recognition of people as they are and of the social and psychological laws which guide them. Dover Wilson writes: "It is entirely misleading to attempt to describe Hamlet's state of mind in terms of modern psychology at all . . . because Hamlet is a character in a play, not in history." But it is misleading to try to describe Hamlet in any other terms. The opposite of "modern psychology" in such studies is not *no* psychology, but *bad* psychology. For example, G. B. Harrison, speaking of Shakespeare's heroes, says: "Jacques is a mild case, Hamlet's disease is serious, Timon's hopeless," and J. Dover Wilson makes a really meaningless distinction between "insane" and "pathologically insane."

It is often thought that scientific analysis, being so different from esthetic enjoyment, detracts from a literary work. In the field of biography, Harold Nicolson stated that as scientific methods and conceptions are used more and more the artistic biography will tend to disappear. Ernest Boyd asserted that "where sex is an essential factor the first thing to be decided is whether the case is pathological or not. If pathological, the biographer becomes the scientist . . . and the biography as a work of art, as a means of expression, ceases to concern us." We do not like pearls the less because science has shown them to be the symptom of a disease of the oyster. Nor is marble less beautiful to us when we have learned that the veins are remnants of dead vegetation.

Literature as seen by the critic and life as seen by the psychiatrist have a lot in common. When a living individual, a historical personage or a figure in literature has accomplished something outstanding, it often depends only on the spirit of the times whether he is considered a hero, a criminal or a psychopathic personality. Usually the social judgment comes first, and the theories are made to order afterwards by both scientists and critics. Far from detracting from a work of art or literature, scientific analysis may help to remove prejudice, ignorance or bigotry.

Crisis. Literature is directly or indirectly, positively or negatively—a reflection of the deepest conflicts in the real life of the period. Somerset Maugham is as indicative as Arthur Miller. Society's contradictions are reflected in the troubles of the individual who goes to the psychiatrist, and in the subjects clamoring for expression in literature. Bad literature may entertain and bad psychiatry may remove symptoms; but neither leads to the development of independent, socially mature personalities.

The social crisis of our time has a close similarity to the emotional state in a neurosis: it is a want in the face of plenty. False ideals are instilled in people: for men, to produce and sell; for women, to reproduce and buy. Against this propaganda promoted by all the mass methods of modern communication, literature and psychiatry uphold the dignity of the individual in a changing world. Both pro-

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claim that the opposite of morbid is not a rigid norm, but growth.

"It is easier to lie on a couch digging into the past than it is to sit up in a chair facing the present," one of my patients remarked to me at the end of an analysis when we were discussing her current problems. Psychoanalysis, as I see it, has two phases. First, the patient has to learn that the conflict lies within him. He must learn to forgo the alibi of outside events. However, there must follow a second phase in which the patient has to realize that, viewed on a higher plane, his inner conflicts are reflections of the larger conflicts in the world outside. At that stage the psychiatrist should share his dreams with his patient. Both doctor and patient are part of the struggle on the frontiers of imagination where the progress of society takes place. Having looked backward the patient must also look forward. Science and art, psychiatry and literature should be guided by visions of a time when, as Freud put it, "culture will not crush anyone any more." Those are the dreams that heal.

A DIARY OF OUR TIMES

THE MAKING OF YESTERDAY, by Raoul de Roussy de Sales (Reynal and Hitchcock; $4.50).

IN THE early 1930's, Raoul de Roussy de Sales came to the United States as the American correspondent for *Paris Soir* and *Paris Midi* and diplomatic correspondent for the Havas agency. After the fall of France, he remained in this country, contributing to American publications and writing books. One of them was *The Making of Tomorrow*, in which he dissected the larger issues he saw confronting the world. The present volume is a collection of his diaries, beginning in 1938 when the text of the Munich Pact was received in Washington and ending with the scuttling of the French fleet in Toulon harbor in November, 1942, shortly before the author's death.

It covers a period already too easily forgotten, especially in America. After two years of peace almost-as-usual, most Americans tend to think of the war largely in terms of the great Allied offensives of 1944-45. The steps that led to war, the tentative beginnings, the repercussions of the debacle of 1940 and the tortuous and confused period in which the United States debated its neutrality and was drawn, step by step, into the conflict, seem long past, irrevocably cut off from present problems by the overwhelming march of later events. Yet these years, more than the ones that followed, explain and make inevitable current issues.

The democracies' almost fatal reluctance to take a stand, the nebulous quality of their war aims during the defensive stages, their desire to preserve the *status quo* and keep national sacrifice at a minimum at all costs, the fear of communism that in many cases balanced the fear of nazism, the divisions within nations, were all temporarily engulfed but never resolved in the later phases of the fighting. Without the pressure of immediate danger, they have reappeared, sometimes in different forms but of basically similar nature. In its shrewd recognition and appraisal of these aspects, the book might well be called "The Making of Today."

It is worth reading if only to recall the events of that critical period and the tangled emotions they aroused while they were happening and before the outcome was certain. De Sales was accustomed to reporting and evaluating national trends and was in direct contact with many of the important figures in the United States. He was also a profound and analytical thinker who kept his diary mainly out of a writer's compulsion to record what was happening around him and his own reflections on it. This gives the book a quality beyond that of mere reporting. It is possible to disagree with some of the author's judgments; it is impossible not to respect his intellect and his culture.

Without enthusiasm. He suffered, as he himself admitted, from an "excess of pessimism," his foresight was often wrong and he reached the familiar impasse of finding all issues so confused that it was difficult to be

BISHOP, ST. LOUIS STAR-TIMES

THE WAR MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN

strongly for anything. Toward the end of his life, when he had been a semi-invalid for some time, he reread his diary and found it "unusable." After condemning his "stupidities" of judgment and generalities about nations, he summed up his dilemma:

> While being visibly skeptical about the Allied cause, I am none the less fiercely partisan in the sense that nothing in the world would make me accept or even tolerate contrary ideas, and this attitude consequently gives to everything I write the appearance of being evasive, contradictory and even insincere.

The last word is badly chosen. The diaries, for all their ironical observations and biting criticisms, are unmistakably sincere. They mirror, as no after-the-fact reëvaluation could, the time in which they were written and the later forgotten, inherent dangers. The essentially negative quality of the war, as the author saw it, precluded any clear-cut, decisive results. In July, 1939, he said:

> There are only two possible solutions for Europe. One is Germany's (Hitler's) hegemony over Europe and the other is the United States of Europe, but both conflict with the phenomenon of nationalism which invalidates them from the start. The root of the evil is nationalism—an ill all the more serious because people regard it as a remedy.

He never changed this opinion and it was, perhaps, the growth of nationalism in all countries during the war that made him despair of the out-

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come. Again, just before Pearl Harbor, he wrote:

> There must be a complete recasting of the ideas on patriotism and national sovereignty. People still do not know how to do anything but attempt to cure evil with evil, German nationalism with American nationalism.

He dreaded the postwar emergence of American nationalism which he saw coming. However, his analysis of French weaknesses is as sharp as anything that he wrote about the United States. Accepting his own thesis, he found the idea of blind loyalty to a country inconceivable. He repudiated Vichy, but he distrusted de Gaullism as another nationalist movement with no clear political *raison d'être*. When he finally joined the de Gaullists, out of the vague hope of being able to accomplish something through them, it was without enthusiasm.

He despised his own lack of action (although it was largely forced on him by his failing health) and bitterly characterized himself as an observer in an age when only action counted. But to his role he brought an extraordinary detachment and insight which the necessity of acting might have clouded. His diaries make provocative reading and seem far more timely than the numerous military journals that are appearing on the last, big campaigns of the war. ANNE L. GOODMAN

FICTION PARADE

THE OBJECT of Howard Fast's solicitude in *Clarkton* (Duell, Sloan and Pearce; $2.75), is the Communist Party of America, and the implication is that its members are the legitimate heirs of the "Professional Revolutionaries" of 1775. This might make hearty reading for confirmed believers of the simpler variety, but what the book demonstrates to an alert reader of whatever political persuasion is that the novel can be a treacherous instrument for special pleading. A simple story, without literary pretensions, but passionate and single-minded, has a chance for success of this kind, but Fast's novel has less of passion than guile, and it does have certain virtues as fiction, modest as they are, which embarrass and betray his purpose. The line of the narrative is clear, the prose for the most part, direct and inoffensive. Also, the author has a knowledge of the characteristics of certain American types he rightly despises. But the characters are ludicrously determined by their adherence to an ideology and the opposition is as unalterable as in any thriller.

The central character in the story is one George Clark Lowell, virtual owner of the industrial New England town of Clarkton. The action concerns a strike in his plant and his efforts not so much to break the strike as to embarrass the Communist minority in the local union. Rather ingeniously, Fast chooses Lowell as his protagonist, for this submits him to an apparently objective analysis, the result of which is to expose an originally sympathetic character as the villain of the piece. His indifference to power is shown to be mere laziness, and his concern for personal independence, a desire to indulge in a rich man's pleasures and cultivate a superficial "culture." His scruples are the dictates not of principle, but of taste and sensibilities.

Selfless. This is Fast's only substantial attempt to account for a character. Lowell's supporters are condemned and dismissed, in order, as "a renegade, a brute, and a fool." The opponents to this shady team, however, are defined by their highest aspirations and their motives are accepted at their own evaluation. They enjoy, of course, any sympathy that might accrue to Labor in its persecution by Capital, although the only characters who figure to any extent are two Communist union members, assisted by three townspeople, also party members: a barber, a lawyer and a doctor. The latter is the real hero of the book, wise and cultivated, the selfless Healer of stock sentiment, and (ultimate badge of liberal impeccability) a member of the Lincoln Brigade during the Spanish civil war, who avows that the Communist Party is "the only thing decent and good and real in this land."

The author doesn't miss many tricks. For example, the (ostensibly sympathetic) parish priest is sentimentally praised by the illiterate of the community, then cleverly denigrated by the more intelligent. Another fast one is an allegation of sexual impurity among opponents of the party. Lowell and a brutal police chief alone are unfaithful to their wives, while the former is even contaminated by a venereal infection! In happy contrast, one of the orthodox heroes is chided for the human failing of having too many children.

The book is constructed on such laughable contrivances that it is hard to imagine anyone's being grateful for, or incensed by, Fast's little exercise in propaganda. JOHN FARRELLY

Crime and Punishment

Too Many Women, by Rex Stout (Viking; $2.50). Archie Goodwin is busier than usual as he tries to goad Nero Wolfe into taking an interest in the personnel department of Naylor, Kerr, Inc., whose rapid turnover of employees seems to have been accelerated—in one case at least—by sudden death. Archie's researches are considerably impeded by an embarrassment of riches, since the firm has on its premises several hundred ladies beautiful enough to merit a personal investigation, to say nothing of the fact that several of them seem to have been on intimate terms with the murdered man. Archie's severe application to his job and Wolfe's usual last-chapter brainstorm provide an acceptable solution for this diverting cream puff.

Murder Miscellany.—The Cleveland Murders, edited by Oliver Weld Bayer, and *The Charleston Murders,* edited by Beatrice St. J. Ravenel (Duell, Sloan and Pearce; $3 each), are pretty humdrum in both content and writing. Let's hope the two volumes in preparation in this Regional Murder Series—on Detroit and Boston—will get back to the original high standard. Elizabeth Sanxay Holding's *The Blank Wall* (Simon and Schuster; $2.50) is helped immeasurably to produce its chilling suspense by the fact that its violent action takes place in an every-day setting and involves ordinary people.

E. H.

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LABOR: Small-town Stuff

THE International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union recently suffered at least a temporary defeat—minor, perhaps, in relation to the number of people directly involved—at the little Maryland Eastern Shore community of Ridgely. The circumstances of the union's effort to organize the Excelsior button-factory workers and the reopening of the plant, as at least half the employees trudged back to work, reveal a curious and somewhat pathetic part of the pattern of American industrial relations.

To understand the events, the cast of characters must be understood. The ILGWU, headed by David Dubinsky, is frequently cited in conservative publications as the very model of a modern labor union. It runs art classes, nursery schools and adult-education projects for its members; it publishes financial reports regularly; it is strictly non-Communist and utterly free of racketeering.

The trade of making ladies' garments, nevertheless, is still a medium-wage trade. Corset makers last June averaged $36 a week, millinery workers, $43 a week; the general average for ILGWU members was around $41 a week. This compared with $49 a week as the average for all manufacturing.

Flight from the city. The employers of ladies'-garment workers, in the main, have accepted the union and get along with it. But there is a growing minority which has sought a competitive advantage by running out of the big cities into countryside villages, where the town fathers are astounded and pleased at the prospect of a fine new factory, and where the potential labor supply is expected to be "native American" and "loyal."

The Ridgely incident produced a variant of what union workers call the Mohawk Valley formula for busting strikes: the skillful organization of a whole community against the workers and their union.

The president of the factory, Bernard Rifkin, and his fellow absentee landlords had done a good job of tying town leaders into their camp. The weekly payroll of the Excelsior plant is a major factor in the prosperity of local merchants. A new plant, for expansion of operations, has just been completed, and half the $30,000 needed to erect this building was invested by Ridgely citizens.

According to the union's undisputed explanation, the strike arose only after a peaceful election to establish union bargaining rights had been denied and after the management had countered, with delay and a suddenly instituted wage increase, the union requests for an election. The reaction of Ridgely's mayor, however, was swift and drastic.

He deputized more than 40 citizens to "protect" the company's property and "protect" employees desiring to work. He was backed by leading citizens. And the strikers, in less than six days, began to surrender. There had never been much of a picket line, but an atmosphere of hostility was created in the town against "outside" organizers; there were charges of breaches of the peace and the cutting of electrical cables. The union's life at Ridgely finally depends on whether the union can be maintained in a near-by town where another, larger, strike against another Excelsior plant is in progress under different community circumstances.

The country obviously does not prosper by the attempted perpetuation of low wage patterns in an already economically impoverished South. As for the garment workers and the CIO's Amalgamated Clothing Workers, obviously they must either unionize the small-town factories or see city employees go bankrupt under the competition of "free, native" labor.

Notes. An NLRB trial examiner at Petaluma, California, pointed out that the Taft-Hartley Act prohibited unions from "intimidating" strike-breakers but did not prohibit strike-breakers from cursing, abusing or otherwise "intimidating" union pickets. . . . Add to labor's political-action committees a new PAC to be formed by A. F. Whitney's independent Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen. Whitney, disagreeing with the official AFL position, thinks all union political groups should work together, as suggested by President Philip Murray of the CIO. . . . Despite the fierce left-wing-right-wing fight in the National Maritime Union convention, both groups voted to eliminate no-strike pledges from future contracts. So did the United Rubber Workers convention, and so will other unions, as a natural result of the T-H Act provisions letting employers sue for damages for violation of no-strike clauses.

WILLARD SHELTON

We ask our readers to turn to pages 37, 38 and 39, where the *New Republic* this week inaugurates a new department of classified advertising in the communications field. In this issue books and fine arts are the principal categories covered; in subsequent issues organizations, records and films will be included.

The department is designed to perform an important reader service. Ads are required to be factual and objectively descriptive; brevity is the rule. We think our readers will find the new section, as so many did who saw it before publication, fascinating reading. We expect it to become a regular and closely read feature of the magazine.

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MOVIES: Familiar Faces

THE exercise known in the theater as a comeback demands so much physical exertion from the performer and produces such nervous tension in the observer as to be in most cases an unwholesome undertaking all around. Maurice Chevalier in "Man About Town" (*Le Silence Est d'Or*) has spared himself and his audience a lot of unproductive breathlessness.

With René Clair directing, Chevalier has returned in a bit of gay French foolishness that can be watched in the relaxed certainty that the star isn't going to miss the trapeze. "Man About Town" is almost as good as Clair has ever been, and for Chevalier it may be the start of a new career.

This is not to imply that Chevalier is in his dotage. He appears, indeed, healthy and well pleased with himself; but he has grown a little stout for a fitted dinner jacket and a straw hat begins to look self-conscious. Except in an introduction contrived for the American audience, he has put away this old uniform, along with the pout, the swagger, the wink and the innocently suggestive song. He has taken on a ruefully comic role and plays it wittily and with obvious enjoyment.

Lesson in seduction. In so far as it has one, the plot of "Man About Town" is stolen from "Cyrano de Bergerac" and half the farces in French stage history. A pioneer motion-picture producer employs the daughter of an old stage acquaintance whose wife he had once loved, falls in love with the girl in turn and loses her to his young leading man whom he is paternally coaching in the craft of seduction. The youngsters are both fond of him—as a father; and when they have reconciled him to the role, a satisfactory finale is easily arranged.

This untaxing story is filled out with such sound Clair devices as a brass band on horseback, excerpts from Left Bank *bals,* the visit of an Eastern potentate, a trained goat, street singers, and that reliable cast of characters which seems happily to have survived the war almost intact.

If many of the faces in "Man About Town" have the baffling familiarity of a bartender met off the premises, it is because they have been appearing in Clair movies for years. Paul Olivier played a part in "The Italian Straw Hat" in 1927; Raymond Cordy was the star of "A Nous la Liberté," the taxi driver in "Le Quatorze Juillet"; most of the others have been lounging on street corners, playing cards in neighborhood cafés or running desperate errands in Clair movies for the greater part of their adult lives. They don't change and they don't pall; they're good.

A new face. Marcelle Derrien is billed as a discovery, a titillation unnecessary in view of her attractiveness. She has a narrow little face that sulks and lights up in a way to torment a man, and though she doesn't appear overbright or oversweet, she is convincingly the kind of girl the old boy and his protégé might well have bumped heads about.

Perhaps because the French studios are still on thin rations, more probably because it's the way Clair likes to work, the picture is spare and technically very simple. The painstaking has gone into interplay of action, into faces and gestures, into timing; no one has worried much about lights or sets or camera tricks.

Some attempt has been made to promote the fact that Chevalier recites the English commentary, and it may be important to the sponsors. He does it gracefully and inconspicuously, but "Man About Town" really needs no explanation. Good pictures seldom do.

THE STAR AS DIRECTOR

IT IS notoriously difficult to edit yourself, and Robert Montgomery, both director and star of "Ride the Pink Horse," has been too sparing with the scissors. Except for this understandable indulgence, Montgomery has produced an intelligent and sufficiently ominous melodrama.

Years of practice have given Montgomery an authority that is almost contemptuously easy. He sketches his character—a small-time crook cravenly engaged in the dangerous practice of blackmail—with a few foolproof strokes. The stiff-legged, eye-darting entrance, the open-mouthed grimace of an evil child, the braggart confidence of a frightened man are devices he uses with the dexterity of a safecracker. He conveys more emotion by the angle of his hat than most of his colleagues can express in five minutes of desperate acting.

These are old tricks—the whole film is a mosaic of clichés—and Montgomery juggles them a little wearily. But the literature of crime has now as many routine gestures as The Game, and "Ride the Pink Horse" is expertly manufactured excitement. R. L. H.

DRAWINGS BY JOHN TAYLOR

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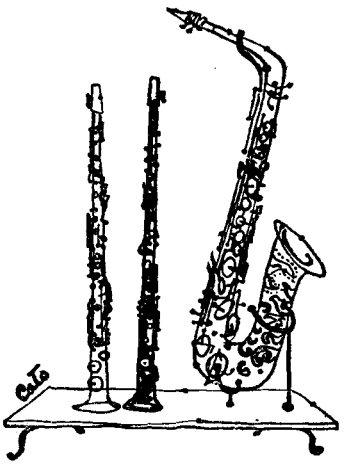
MUSIC: Off the Presses

Too many of the "as told to" books ring about as true as a ball player reading a razor-blade commercial, and it's nice to report that Eddie Condon's *We Called It Music* (Henry Holt; $3) is not one of these. With the help of Thomas Sugrue, this musician, saloon-keeper and after-dinner speaker tells a well paced story of how he grew up with jazz. From his youthful excursions through the Midwest with Peavey's Jazz Bandits to the days when his music came to be accepted as the fashion among the advertising-agency intellectuals, Condon's career brought him into contact with hundreds of characters every bit as barrelhouse as the music itself.

Goodman, old and new. I've always believed that Benny Goodman's 1935-37 organization was the greatest big band in jazz, and it's good news that eight of the best sides put out by this group have been reissued by Victor in an album (P-188) that includes "Sometimes I'm Happy," "King Porter," "I've Found a New Baby" and "Roll 'Em." At a time when noise takes the place of power and imagination in most big bands, the Goodman reissues are more than welcome. Benny's current Capitol sides, "Nagasaki" and "Gonna Get a Girl," are done by the Sextet and feature Red Norvo (vibraphone), Mel Powell (piano), Artie Shapiro (bass) and a man named Al Hendrickson, whose sparkling electric-guitar solos remind me of Buster Bailey's clarinet.

Small-band jazz. I don't know how I missed Irving Fazola's Dixielanders when their records first came out in 1945. The reissues, in Keynote album K-138, feature a well balanced, small jazz group giving a virile workout to Dixieland standbys, with Fazola's liquid clarinet carrying the ball. Very poor surfaces mar the album.

In a more sophisticated vein, Johnny Hodges and some of the Ellington band offer "Jeep's Blues" and "Rendezvous with Rhythm," cut in 1938 and reissued by Columbia. Both sides are examples of a highly intellectual type of jazz that's imitated today with much pretense but little effect.



Kay and Davis. One of the most shameful vocal performances ever recorded is Beatrice Kay's "Hooray, Hooray, I'm Going Away" (Columbia). This alleged novelty derives its theme from the idea that being sent to a mental institution constitutes a hilarious situation. I'm sorry she made this thing, because she's a talented comedienne, as the reverse, "Mention My Name in Sheboygan," proves.

Not long ago *Life* magazine ran a picture designed to show how many press agents, writers, columnists, arrangers, directors, producers and executives are required for the promotion of an up-and-coming artist, in this case singer Beryl Davis. Impressed, I went to see Miss Davis at the Maisonette of the Hotel St. Regis, and left with the feeling that this little British import will need more than a low-cut evening gown and the cream of America's hucksters to make a singer out of her. Miss Davis could do worse than listen to a few Billie Holiday records to see how a real artist puts meaning into a ballad. If you feel like disagreeing, her latest Victor release is "Pass That Peace Pipe" and "The Best Things in Life Are Free."

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RADIO: Petrillo's Ultimatum

JAMES C. PETRILLO has everybody in a stew again. This time he has decreed that his 225,000 musicians will stop making music for canning on records or transcriptions. The deadline is December 31, the duration is "once and for all."

The American Federation of Musicians' current contract with the coast-to-coast radio networks expires January 31. Unless circumstances alter radically—and others besides Petrillo will have to design the changes—he will not renew the network contract.

But there is no immediate reason for you, the radio listener and record addict, to get excited. Leave the ulcers to those who have earned them: the executives of "the industry"—really several powerful groups, including makers of records, radio networks and those who live by peddling platters to the jukebox trade. You will still have music on the air, on the concert stage and at home.

When the network contract expires, Petrillo will probably let "live" music stay on radio without a formal contract. Concerts are not affected directly by the AFM's current moves. As for records, there are plenty of them on the shelves to last for years. Given a 75-day warning, the recording companies are working like mad to get as much new stuff on wax as possible. If Mitropoulos or Koussevitzky decides to record a new reading of a symphonic piece, or to immortalize something fresh in modern music—these will have to wait a while. Tin Pan Alley's creations also will go unrecorded for the time being. But sooner or later, recordings will be made again.

Petrillo's argument. The present fight started in August, 1942. Individual contracts then provided royalties for conductors, featured artists, etc. But the ordinary musicker got nothing beyond his hour-wage, even if the record went into thousands (sometimes millions) of pressings. Petrillo insisted that the ordinary member of a recording band or orchestra was entitled to royalties, in addition to his union-scale wage per hour. Since a vast and complex auditing system would have been necessary to pay the individual band members their royalties, Petrillo proposed that the payments, at so much per record sold, be made direct to the AFM treasury. These funds, he said, the union would administer separately for the welfare of all its members.

To the musicians, Petrillo's demands seemed simple justice. Industry saw the suggestion as fantastic. The musicians stopped recording. (Reminder: you didn't have to junk your phonograph then, did you?) Industry maintained a united front, for 27 months. But then one major record company—I think it was Decca—gave way. The others followed, and industry signed. Recordings were resumed.

Big business. The recording industry has a total gross income, now, of more than $250 million a year. Of that take, the musicians get about $5 million in wages; $2 million more is paid into the AFM-administered welfare fund. Now the Taft-Hartley Act forbids royalty payments to union welfare funds, after present contracts expire. Petrillo's royalty agreement expires December 31, 1947.

Records will be made again as soon

DRAWING BY MACKEY
JAMES C. PETRILLO

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as a "recording official," who spoke anonymously in a New York *Times* interview, decides he really wants records. Said this official: "What we face is the fact that a law designed to help us is being used by a union to put us out of business. The only way we can stay in business, apparently, is to find some way to circumvent that law." He didn't think, apparently, of repealing or amending that law. But he may, when it begins to hurt. Petrillo can't do it for him, since the law "designed to help us" (the Taft-Hartley Act) has hogtied the AFM and other unions.

The right to eat. Criticisms can be fired at Petrillo for the manner in which he runs his union internally. Protests could be voiced that some of Petrillo's moves are flank attacks against technological progress. But you can afford such broad perspective only if you don't happen to be an ordinary fiddler or tootler who likes to eat. The people whom Petrillo is fighting are, of course, devoted to Art and Culture —like the Hollywood tycoon who was angered some 20 years ago because George Bernard Shaw turned down his $300,000 offer to star in a movie. "I'm interested in art," complained the mogul, "and Shaw's got the nerve to ask for half a million bucks."

Congress had already hit the AFM (as well as other entertainment unions) with the Lea Act, which forbids the hiring of "stand-by" employees and which has been frankly called by its real authors the "anti-Petrillo" measure. Now Petrillo has had enough. His attitude is: Let the other side find a way out. To quote the New York *Times* again:

"Regarding the legal status of the ban on recordings under the Lea Act and the Taft-Hartley Act, it was believed in Washington that no law can stop persons from terminating their employment relationship and all collateral rights. Mr. Petrillo's lawyers say that he has a right to go out of business."

Petrillo himself put it succinctly: "We're quitting." The industry is up against the interesting problem of making him change his mind.

SAUL CARSON

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A NEW Classified Advertising Section appears on pages 37, 38, 39 of this issue. . . .

UN NEWS: Pussyfooting on Palestine

WHEN the Palestine-partition vote is counted, the significant group of nations will be those abstaining. With the Arabs claiming between 12 and 15 supporters in the General Assembly, and with a two-thirds majority of the 57 members required to pass the plan, there is very little leeway. The position of France in this situation is of paramount importance, for France is often the key to how Belgium, the Netherlands and perhaps other countries vote.

The French delegation to the United Nations, predominantly Socialist and pro-Zionist, would have liked to state its views on partition during the general debate. But when the head of the delegation, Foreign Minister Georges Bidault, stated that French interests in North Africa were too great to chance a blunt statement in favor of partition, the delegation gave in.

Change of front. Bidault, a member of the centrist MRP, argued that, in the final analysis, the vote was what counted. He stated that France would then support partition, telling the Arab states that the position of the United States and the Soviet Union made it impossible to do anything else. He also argued cunningly that if partition went through, Arab fighting would be concentrated in Palestine, leaving France that much freer in North Africa. Hence, he too was for partition.

Now, according to French UN observers, Bidault has sent new instructions: France is to abstain on the final vote. The French delegation is pressing Bidault for a reversal, since most members feel that an ambiguous French position would make it easier for other hesitant countries to abstain. Efforts are being made in France to change the latest instruction, especially through newspaper articles.

The US position. Final voting on the partition of Palestine is still some weeks away, but unless lobbying is intensified and votes are changed, the plan will fail. Unlike the French delegation, the United States has made a clear-cut statement in support of partition, and in committee reiterated its position on a query from ardently pro-Zionist Venezuela. Major General John H. Hilldring told Pedro Zuloaga that the US has no intention of backing down on partition, nor does it question the Assembly's right to decide the issue.

Nevertheless, the United States is now in the interesting position of stating and restating a case without trying to win friends for it. According to a Latin American delegate, not one South American country has been approached on Palestine by anyone from the US delegation, although they were all given explicit briefings on the kind of support the US was eager to get on the Balkan question and on the "Little Assembly."

The reasons for US inactivity are the old ones: oil and strategy. The

DRAWING BY WILLIAM SHARP

GEORGES BIDAULT

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United States wants access to Arab oil. It is therefore far more sensitive to Arab reactions than, say, to Soviet reactions on the Balkan question. The US is frankly worried about Arab enemies in the Middle East. One enemy at a time seems to be enough. The United States feels, moreover, that if partition goes through, it will have to bear the load of the enforcement. This will be expensive in terms of Arab relations. There is no doubt about how the US will vote, just as there is no doubt about how Russia will vote. But nobody worries about the USSR—it doesn't control enough votes.

The US tactics, on the other hand, allow countries like Colombia, which can be whipped into line on other subjects, to take a pro-Arab stand without ever declaring themselves against partition. Unless these tactics are changed, one can only conclude that the United States wants to have its cake and eat it.

Notes. In addition to his reversal of the French position on Palestine, Bidault has been meddling with a resolution on Spain which Léon Jouhaux, Secretary General of the Trade Union Congress, hopes to submit to the Assembly. The resolution, cleared earlier with Ramadier, calls on UN members to refuse financial aid to Franco. If Bidault succeeds in watering it down, Jouhaux will leave the French delegation and publicly state the reason. . . . Agreements making the World Bank and the Monetary Fund Specialized Agencies of the United Nations, have been approved in committee, over Soviet protests. The agreements give the two organizations complete financial autonomy and the UN can't even make formal recommendations to them without previous consultation. In spite of misgivings, many countries supported the agreements on the theory that it was this or nothing. This was a realistic argument, but it might have been even more realistic to admit that US-dominated banking concerns have no real connection with the UN and shouldn't be tied to it even by a silken thread. JANE BEDELL

FOREIGN PRESS

THE FRENCH PRESS diagnoses the victory of de Gaulle's RPF (Rassemblement du Peuple Français) at the expense of centrist parties in the recent municipal elections as a turning point in French postwar politics.

L'Intransigeant, de Gaullist, sees the situation as necessitating general elections, the RPF not now being represented in Parliament. "De Gaulle has forged a formidable instrument. He will use it with his customary perseverance."

Franc-Tireur, left-wing Socialist: The results of the election "will furnish an excellent basis for demanding revision of the constitution . . . the battle cry of General de Gaulle and an essential phase of his march to personal power."

L'Aube, MRP: "It is normal that the resurrection of blocs and the polarization of extremes should strike first at the movement in most direct competition with the RPF. . . . In the measure in which we force hate and violence to retreat, the MRP will again resume its rightful position."

France-Libre, Radical Socialist: "It seems that the nation has taken hold of itself." To the "dictatorship so brutally illustrated by the murder of Petkov and the return of the Comintern, it has preferred the solutions of liberty."

Le Parisien Libere, rightist: "Electors have condemned the present system. . . . They are tired of the impotence and lack of authority of the Executive. The nation demands to be governed."

Le Figaro, conservative: General elections are not due for several months, a situation certain to be "exploited by the Communists whose violence now threatens to be redoubled."

L'Humanite, Communist: "Despite the furious assaults of the forces united against it, despite the blows intended from all sides, the Communist Party maintains its position. . . ."

Ce Matin, de Gaullist: "French gratitude to the man of June 18, 1940, does not suffice to explain the extraordinary growth of the RPF. Two other factors come to mind: the will to end the state of anarchy in which we live . . . and the will to oppose the maneuvers of the Communist Party, agent of foreigners. We are entering a new phase in our history." EVA PUTNAM

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THEATER: Cavalry Charge at Corinth

A LONG TIME AGO, when he was asked to name a dozen plays that he thought would make a good American Repertory Theater, Eugene O'Neill chose all of them out of the works of the ancient Greek dramatists. O'Neill's artistic and commercial acumen has been confirmed in the production of Robinson Jeffers' adaptation of Euripides' "Medea." There are nightly ovations in the theater and lines waiting at the box office.

The ovations are for the performance of Judith Anderson—a performance that is like nothing so much as a full cavalry charge across an open plain, squarely at the tenuous positions held by the audience. And it is as difficult to report clearly. There was a swirl of hooves and sabers, a noise as of a million guns, and the positions were taken.

Miss Anderson turns her back on all the restrained traditions of modern naturalistic acting, of which she is past-mistress, and gives us an hour and a half of unrelenting violence. In the story of Jason's barbaric and high-born wife, who killed for him and was discarded by him, she uses every extreme theatrical expression which has been handed down through centuries of acting. She rants; she wails; she writhes in agony; she sneers most broadly; she whispers and shouts across the full octaves of her voice. By being resolutely old-fashioned, Miss Anderson brings a fresh dramatic freedom to our stage.

Still, her simpler and more controlled performance as Lady Macbeth seems to me to be a higher, if less showy, work of art.

The director, John Gielgud, and the young producers, the Messrs. Whitehead and Rea, must be complimented on their courage in hurling this work against the commercial walls of Broadway. I thought, though, that the production lacked the rich color to match the star's performance, and that the other actors were engulfed in the torrent of her passion. Gielgud especially seemed miscast as the aging ex-hero who decides to turn his glamorous reputation to practical account.

"The Druid Circle." As if to give scornful proof of the vitality and variety of our native theater, the same week turned up the new play of John van Druten, a man who hardly could be said to work in the blood-and-thunder tradition of Euripides. Van Druten is a kind of Katherine Mansfield among playwrights. Genteel, polished, mannerly, he illuminates tiny corners of middle-class life, recites a small, simple story in hushed library tones, tells us very little directly, and sends us out of the theater with disquieting reverberations echoing softly in our ears.

In "The Druid Circle" he examines the bitter, subterranean war between youth and age as it is waged in a small Welsh college in the 1920's. Age wins hands-down, although the playwright's sympathies are all on the other side. The reason lies in one of those scur tricks that the theater plays on writers and directors. The two young people about whom the action of the play revolves are quite wooden and uninspiring. The older people, almost in direct ratio to their age, are written and acted with increasing gusto and brilliance.

Leo G. Carroll, as the dry and twisted Professor White, gives evidence in every lift of the eyebrow, every small sigh, of the long, thoughtful, fruitful years he has spent on the stage. He is not deep, but he is as real as any graying professor who ever called a nine o'clock class to order in a weary, hopeless, academic voice.

As his mother, in the best-written part of the play, Ethel Griffies demonstrates that, at least in the theater, vitality has nothing to do with age. Playing a woman whose age is calculated charitably at 73, Miss Griffies has more verve and drive than the entire chorus of "High Button Shoes."

Van Druten, who is his own best friend as a director, and whose plays need exactly the light, wry touch he brings to them, has done very well for himself in chosing Lillian Bronson as a fluttery, maiden instructor, and Noel Leslie as a provincial professor with a singsong accent and atrociously bad manners.

Among the younger set, Neva Patterson is the only one of the players to match the skill and warmth of the senior first team. IRWIN SHAW

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Biographies; Dictionaries and Reference Works; Education; Fiction; General; History; Poetry; Public Affairs; Russia; Science; Self-Help; Bookstores.

FINE ARTS 39
Original Art Works; Art Reproductions; Publications; Art Bookstores; Antiques.

BOOKS

Several classifications of books appear each week in this department, but not necessarily the same ones. From time to time, there will be other listings: low-priced reprints; old and rare and special book dealers; and notices of related services in the field of publishing.

BIOGRAPHY

ALBERT SCHWEITZER: THE MAN AND HIS MIND, *by George Seaver, Harper, Illustrated. $3.75.* A definitive biography of a man whom *Life* magazine called "the greatest man in the world."

BOCCACCIO, *by Francis MacManus, Sheed & Ward, $3.50.* The second volume in the *Great Writers of the World Series* is now ready.

CONDUCTED TOUR, *by Ada Halpern, Sheed & Ward, $2.* "Written by an educated Polish woman, tells of her deportation in April, 1940, from Lwów in Eastern Poland to a Soviet work farm in Far Eastern Siberia. It presents, without hysteria, an appalling picture of body-breaking manual labor without enough food, without protection from Arctic winters, without medical care or supplies . . . she tells, with a fairness hard to understand, of occasional privileges accorded by some minor officials."—*The Buffalo Evening News.*

HORACE, *by Alfred Noyes, Sheed & Ward, $3.50.* "With this book the publishers inaugurate their *Great Writers of the World Series.* They could hardly have made a happier choice. . . . Mr. Noyes is an *anima naturaliter Horatiana:* he is completely at home with his material, and in his handling of it he displays the same stylistic qualities—neatness of phrasing, controlled irony, humanity—that characterize the poet with whom he is concerned." —*The New York Times Book Review.*

THE RED PRUSSIAN: THE LIFE AND LEGEND OF KARL MARX, *by Leopold Schwarzschild, Scribners, $4.* "A highly readable, highly informative and quite blistering portrait, that will delight some readers and be regarded as little short of blasphemous by others."—*N. Y. Times*

STEVENS THOMSON MASON: MISUNDERSTOOD PATRIOT, *by Kent Sagendorph, Dutton, illustrated, $4.75.* Life story of the "boy wonder," the little-known first governor of the Michigan territory. A contribution to American historical and biographical literature.

DICTIONARIES AND REFERENCE WORKS

THE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA, *Columbia Univ., $19.50.* America's best one-volume encyclopedia, complete with post-war supplement. Over 5,000,000 words, 63,000 articles.

COLUMBIA DICTIONARY OF MODERN EUROPEAN LITERATURE, *gen. ed. Horatio Smith, Columbia Univ., $10.* All living writers of thirty-one literatures who have attained eminence in their art are described historically and critically, as are their immediate literary predecessors. Approximately 1,200 authors are represented, from about 1870 to the present.

DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, *by Watt, Barnes & Noble, $3.00.*

DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN POLITICS, *Barnes & Noble, $3.00.*

FUNK & WAGNALLS NEW COLLEGE STANDARD DICTIONARY, FM. PHA. TYPE *Edition, $5.50 without thumb index, $6 with.* New, easier to read and use, absolutely up-to-date. More than 145,000 entries, 5,000 new words, 1,000 illustrations, 1,420 pages.

GRAMMAR, RHETORIC, & COMPOSITION, FOR HOME STUDY, *Barnes & Noble, $1.00.* A basic book for effective English.

EDUCATION

GENERAL EDUCATION IN THE NEGRO COLLEGE, *by Irving A. Derbigny, Stanford Univ. Press, $3.* Survey of general education in America's Negro colleges, designed to show if and where improvements are advisable.

MAKING THE AMERICAN MIND; *Social and Moral Ideas in the McGuffey Readers, by Richard D. Mosier, King's Crown Press, Dept. NR, $3.* ". . . an essential volume in our history."—*W. G. Rogers, Associated Press.* ". . . a carefully documented, interesting book which contributes to an understanding of our culture, and from which educators, historians, political scientists, and sociologists will gain additional insight into the background of the culture of the United States."—*The Annals*

MEN WHO CONTROL OUR UNIVERSITIES; *Economic and Social Composition of Governing Boards of 30 Leading American Universities, King's Crown Press, Dept. NR, $3, paper.* ". . . most exhaustive survey of university trustees that has yet appeared. . . . A concrete proposal for the 'democratization of university control.' . . . Thoughtful educators and laymen interested in higher education will find Dr. Beck's study both informative and challenging. . . ."—*N. Y. Times*

VETERANS CHALLENGE THE COLLEGES, *by J. Hillis Miller and John S. Allen, King's Crown Press, Dept. NR, $2.25.* ". . . details the dramatic story of how N. Y. State met the educational emergency of unprecedented student-veteran enrollments. . . ."—*School and Society*

FICTION

ALEXANDRA, *by Gladys Schmitt, Dial, $3.* This novel by the author of *David the King* and *The Gates of Aulis* is about a great actress who, at the height of her fame and for reasons of her own, turns away from the world. It is a love story too and a story of the devious paths which lead to success in the theater.

THE CONDEMNED, *by Jo Pagano, Prentice, $2.75.* A novel of violence acclaimed by Elliot Paul, W. R. Burnett and Stephen Longstreet. "Conscience-searing tale told with lyrical passion,"—*P.M.* "One of the most important realistic novels of our time."—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE END IS NOT YET, *by Fritz von Unruh, Storm, $3.50.* The historian (Trevor-Roper *e.g.*) can give you factual analyses; the writer of memoirs (Gisevius *e. g.*) can supply subjective color. Only the creative novelist presents both and more. "If you have been looking," says Emily Schossberger in the *Omaha World Herald,* "for the crystallization of the spirit of our times in dramatic form, you will realize that *The End Is Not Yet* has brought it to you."

HOME IS THE HUNTED, *by Abraham Bernstein, Dial, $3.* By changing his name from Cohen to Cannaday, Ted hopes to avoid confinement in what he calls a "business ghetto." But the deception falls through and he is forced to work his way through ambition and bitterness to deeper resources.

MOZART ON THE WAY TO PRAGUE, *by Eduard Moerike, Pantheon, $2.75.* A romantic episode of Mozart's life, told by one of the greatest lyric poets of the nineteenth century. A subtle study of the creative personality and the creative process. 13 full-page illustrations.

MY FATHER'S HOUSE, *by Meyer Levin, Viking, $2.50.* "A quiet, poignant and important novel about modern Palestine."—*Saturday Review.*

SHADOW WITHOUT LIGHT, *by S. L. M. Richards, Dial, $3.* In this novel whose scene is a private hospital for the mentally unbalanced, two healthy young people meet and fall in love. This is the story of their relationship and of the environment in which it forms.

TAKE THIS WOMAN, *by Lindsay Hayes, Macmillan, $3.* Just published. Frank, honest novel of a modern, troubled marriage. In telling of the crack-up of the marriage of Lisa and Trump, and of its mending, the author has written a story which should have intense appeal for women—married, single, divorced. Feminine readers of the novel before publication were especially interested in the chap-

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ters dealing with Lisa's experiences with psychiatrists.

WHEN THE MOUNTAIN FELL, *by C.-F. Ramuz, Pantheon,* $2.50. The story of a man who survives a landslide. "One of the summits of French prose writing."—*Paul Claudel.* The author was a candidate, in 1946, for the Nobel prize of literature.

A WORLD OF GREAT STORIES, *Edited by Hiram Haydn and John Cournos. Approx. 1,000 pp., 112 stories, Crown, $3.95.* A world anthology of 20th century fiction containing many famous stories by great modern writers—Thomas Mann, Bunin, O'Flaherty, Scott Fitzgerald, Irwin Shaw—as well as a number of "discoveries," and many stories translated for the first time into English. Included are surveys of the various literatures of the world and biographical data.

GENERAL

COLORS: WHAT THEY CAN DO FOR YOU, *by Louis Cheskin, Liveright, $5.* In simple language and illustrated with 16 full-color plates, this book shows how colors play a vital role in industry, art, business and social life.

COMPOSERS IN AMERICA, *by Claire R. Reis, Macmillan, $5.* If you collect records, go to concerts, or are a musician yourself, you will find constant use for this new revised and enlarged edition of an excellent reference work. It lists the leading American composers of serious music, with a biographical sketch of each and information about his fellowships, awards, and commissions. His compositions are listed, with date of completion, name of publisher, and length of time required for performance. Many other helpful facts are given, such as radio performances and recordings.

DANGEROUS WORDS, *A Guide to the Law of Libel, by Philip Wittenberg, Columbia Univ., $5.* This book covers all aspects of libel. A whole chapter is devoted to the comparatively new problem of libel in radio, and there is a glossary of terms that have been ruled libelous.

MARRIAGE: THIS BUSINESS OF LIVING TOGETHER, *The Anomalies, Curiosities and Facts about Marriage, Divorce and Separation in Our 48 States, by Nathaniel Fishman, Liveright, $3.*

MARRIAGE IS ON TRIAL, *by John A. Sbarbaro, Macmillan, $2.* Judge Sbarbaro has had long years of experience on the divorce bench of the largest court in the the world, Cook County, Illinois. Here he considers the serious threat of divorce to our society and gives a practical answer to the question, "How can marriage be made to last?" He tells what to consider *before* marriage and how to meet strained situations *after* marriage. And he suggests reforms in education, laws, and so on, to get at the roots of the trouble.

MITS, WITS AND LOGIC, *by Lillian R. Lieber. Drawings by Hugh Gray Lieber. Authors of The Education of T. C. Mits, Norton, $3.* This enlightening and thoroughly gay little book shows what modern logic means to you.

NEGRO BUSINESS AND BUSINESS EDUCATION, *by Joseph A. Pierce, Harper, $4.* Here is the first systematic account of the extent of business activity under Negro control and direction, supplemented by a description of the business education available for Negroes at the college level. Written by a professor of mathematics and statistics at Atlanta Univ., with a foreword by Rufus E. Clement, President of the University.

PIGTAILS AND GOLD DUST, *by Alexander McLeod, Caxton, $5.* This book presents the picturesque aspects of Chinese-American life as reflected in the careers of merchant and herb doctor, house boy and slave girl, and many other Chinese types.

HISTORY

THE MISINTERPRETATION OF MAN, *by Paul Roubiczek, Scribners, $2.75.* A clarification of the revolutionary ideas of certain 19th-century thinkers and the tragic results that followed the basic fallacies in their thinking.

OPERATION VICTORY, *by Major General Sir Francis de Guingand, Scribners, $3.75.* Montgomery's Chief of Staff has written "one of the war's few invaluable documents . . . a study of top-level command, broad principles of war, major decisions and the sweep of enormous armies."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

THE PURITAN OLIGARCHY, *by Thomas J. Wertenbaker, Scribners, $5.* This account of the life and death of the Puritan experiment in early New England clarifies an important and fascinating phase of American history.

POETRY

FIFTY-ONE POEMS, *by Mary Webb, with Wood Engravings by Joan Hassall, Dutton, $2.75.* These poems are a real discovery, since it was believed until recently that all of Mary Webb's poetry had already been published. *Walter de la Mare* wrote, "Mary Webb had in her service rarely delicate senses."

LET TIME RELATE, *by Isabel Harriss Burr, Dietz, illustrated, $1.00.* A picture in sonnets of the delightful old Williamsburg of yesterday and the restored Williamsburg of today.

A LITTLE TREASURY OF THE GREAT POETRY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, *Edited by Oscar Williams, Scribners, 2 vols. boxed, $7.50.* Almost 1,000 poems, and 128 portraits and photographs of the poets.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

AMERICAN COMMUNISM, *A Critical Analysis of Its Origins, Development and Programs, by James Oneal and G. A. Werner, Dutton, $5.00.* This scholarly, well-documented book covers in detail the whole history of the Communist movement in this country.

THE AMERICAN FARMER, *His Problems and His Prospects, by Lee Fryer, with a foreword by James G. Patton, Harper, $3.* Tracing the forces which have undermined the independent farmer's position during the past two decades, the author shows why our agricultural wealth is rapidly concentrating in the hands of a few great farm corporations which threaten to eliminate the small independent farmer, and offers a charter for reconstruction.

BATTLE FOR THE HEMISPHERE, *Democracy versus Totalitarianism in the Other Americas, by Edward Tomlinson, Scribners, $3.50.* Documented account of Communist and Nationalist activity in Latin America and a plea for the U. S. to adopt a positive, consistent, long-range policy.

COMMUNITY OF THE FREE, *by Yves R. Simon, Translated from the French by Willard R. Trask, Holt, $3.* A piercing investigation of public morality and political ethics, which deals chiefly with that confusion of conscience which permits so many right-minded people to aid and abet the forces of evil. The Nazis could not have achieved their great crimes without the help of many people wholly opposed to their philosophy. Writing with clarity and precision, out of passionate reflection on such concrete facts, Yves Simon has undertaken to discover the essentials of a fully functioning ethical system.

GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS ABROAD, *ed. by Joseph S. Roucek, Funk & Wagnalls, $5.* A synthesis of wartime and postwar history, and a comprehensive evaluation of the forces agitating world politics today.

MODERN NATIONALISM AND RELIGION, *by Salo W. Baron, Harper, $5.* A source book of vital information about the growth of the state and how it has been shaped by the religions of the world. "I have found in this book great scholarship and deep insight."—*Henry A. Wallace.*

OUR EMERGENT CIVILIZATION, *ed. by Ruth Nanda Anshen, Harper, $4.50.* Each of the fifteen essays in this book is planned to add some distinctive feature to our understanding of the more unified culture and civilization which are emerging from the seeming confusion of ideas and ideals.

OUR ENEMY, THE STATE, *by Albert Jay Nock, Caxton, $2.50.* Originally published in 1935, this book analyzes the devastating effects of too much bureaucratic government.

REPORT ON PALESTINE, *by the United Nations Special Committee on Palestine, Somerset, $2.50. With a foreword by Sen. Robert F. Wagner.* The complete text of the vital report forming the basis for United Nations action. Maps.

THE SHAPING OF THE AMERICAN TRADITION, *by Louis M. Hacker, Columbia Univ., $10, 2 vols. boxed.* This brilliantly conceived work of more than 1,000,000 words illustrates, analyzes, and documents the distinctively American contributions to contemporary civilization.

WHEN PEOPLES MEET, *by Locke and Stern, Barnes & Noble, $3.75.* Study of group conflicts and race prejudice.

THE WORLD AND AFRICA, *by W. E. B. DuBois, Viking, $3.* "In this scholarly and extremely interesting work, Dr. Du Bois has placed Africa and the peoples of the continent in their proper places in the historical pattern of the world. . . . A vitally important book."—*Cleveland Press.*

RUSSIA

OPERATION MOSCOW, *by Christopher Norborg, Dutton, $3.50.* A book distinguished from other current books on Soviet-American relationships by its positive, dynamic, Christian, and democratic approach. He believes that peace can be won, and *must* be won on philosophical and moral grounds.

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RUSSIA'S POSTWAR ECONOMY, *by Harry Schwartz, Syracuse Univ. Press, $1.50, Clothbound.* A comprehensive and objective study of current Soviet strength and weakness in all major economic fields.

UNDERSTANDING THE RUSSIANS, *Stern and Smith, Barnes & Noble, $2.75.*

SCIENCE

ELEMENTARY NUCLEAR THEORY, *A Short Course in Selected Topics, by H. A. Bethe, Wiley, $2.50.* An introduction to nuclear theory for students and scientists who are not specialists in the field. Emphasis is on nuclear forces, the central problem of nuclear physics.

EXPLAINING THE ATOM, *by Selig Hecht, Viking, Illus., $2.75.* "By all odds the best book on atomic energy so far to be published for the ordinary reader."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.*

ONE, TWO, THREE . . . INFINITY, *by George Gamow, Viking, Illus., $4.75.* "A picture of the universe as the scientists of today view it. . . . George Gamow succeeds where others fail because of his remarkable ability to combine technical accuracy, choice of material, dignity of expression, and readability."—*Saturday Review.*

THE SCIENTISTS SPEAK, *ed. by Dr. W. Weaver, Boni and Gaer, $3.75.* Contains 79 essays by America's foremost scientists dealing with the world we live in, arranged as a unified discussion of all important phases of contemporary science.

SELF-HELP: ART

DRAWING BY SEEING, *by Hoyt L. Sherman, Barnes & Noble, $2.50.* Based on principles of Rembrandt and Cézanne's paintings. New method of teaching.

PHOTOGRAPHY FOR ALL, *by Featherstonaugh, Barnes & Noble, $1.50.* Amateur's handbook.

BOOKSTORES

The following bookstores will supply any books advertised in these pages; they will order any books not on hand.

Chicago

KROCH'S, *206 North Michigan Ave.*

Los Angeles

BRENTANO'S, *611 West 7th St.*

New York

BRENTANO'S, *586 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 19.* (Mail Order Dept.)

FINE ARTS

In the first issue of New Republic *each month will appear advertisements of sources for the many original art works, art reproductions, and art publications currently available.*

ORIGINAL ART WORKS

Most galleries are open free to the public from about 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. They will gladly supply information directly or by mail.

FEIGL GALLERY, *601 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.* Contemporary Painting. EXHIBITION NOV. 4–22: MORRIS DAVIDSON, RECENT PAINTINGS.

KENNEDY & CO., *785 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.* Specialists in fine prints old and modern—Americana, Audubon prints, Currier & Ives, Sporting prints, Old Masters, 19th-century European, etc. Contemporary creative prints by John Taylor Arms, Armin Landeck, Martin Lewis, Stow Wengenroth, Clare Leighton, Paul Landacre, Howard Cook, Gene Kloss, Thomas Nason, Philip Evergood, Reginald Marsh, etc. Prices beginning at $15.

NEW-AGE GALLERY, INC., *133 E. 56th St., N. Y. C.* Paintings, Sculpture, Prints by well-known artists. 10—5 Daily; 7–10 P.M. Thursdays.

SERIGRAPH GALLERIES, *38 W. 57th St., N. Y. C.* Complete collection of limited edition originals in color by members of the National Serigraph Society, $2.50 up. Unusual greeting cards 50c up. Subject matter covers cross section of art expression. ONE-MAN SHOW: JAMES H. McCONNELL, *40 abstract serigraphs on view.* OCT. 20–NOV. 8.

WILLARD GALLERY, *32 E. 57th St., N. Y. C.* EXHIBITION: MARK TOBEY, NOVEMBER 4–29.

ART REPRODUCTIONS

New York

44TH ST. GALLERY, *133 W. 44th St.* Rare and out of print reproductions. European and American. Medici, Piper-Druck, Hanfstaengel, Villon, Bruchmann. Custom framing. From 10:30 A.M. to 8:30 P.M.

J. GREENWALD, *681 Lexington Avenue.* Imported and domestic Full Color Reproductions of paintings by the Old and Modern Masters, from museums and private collections.

ARTHUR JAFFÉ HELIOCHROME COMPANY, *3 E. 28th St.* Fine Art Printers (Color Collotype Process) for Museums, Book Publishers, Private Collectors, and Art Trade.

ARTHUR JAFFE, INC., *3 E. 28th St.* Publishers of Color Collotype Reproductions, including a large selection of color postcards of famous paintings in the U. S. A. and Europe. Price 10c per card. Larger size reproductions including the prints of Max Jaffé in Vienna, ranging from $1.50 to $20.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, *82nd St. and Fifth Avenue.* Reproductions in color of masterpieces in the Museum's collection, various sizes, from 10c to $20. The Museum Bulletin, a generously illustrated periodical, includes essays and notes on the arts by members of the staff and others; appears 10 times a year, 30c an issue, $3 a year. Other illustrated publications on special subjects—tapestries, jewelry, painting, early American furniture and glass, Japanese prints, etc.—from 25c to $30. Casts in composition, cast-stone and plastic, exact size and approximate finish of originals in the Museum's collections, from $1.75 to $35. Photographic and process postcards of outstanding objects, including a special selection of Christmas greeting cards in black and white and color, reproducing paintings, engravings, sculptures, and decorative designs on exhibit at the Museum and at The Cloisters. Free catalogues on request.

THE TRIBUNE SUBWAY GALLERY, *100 W. 42nd St.* In conection with our 15th Exhibition THE UNKNOWN VAN GOGH, available for the first time—11 Reproductions of drawings from the Borinage, portfolio (9x11½), *Special 98¢.* Other portfolios: BRUEGEL—10 Reproductions of the engravings, (9¼x11½). HOGARTH—10 Reproductions of original engravings, (9¼x11½). *Each portfolio 98¢, or Gift Package of all three for $2.70.* Ask for our catalog, 232 pages, 59 color and 653 black-and-white reproductions.

TWIN EDITIONS, *366 Madison Ave.* Color reproductions of highest quality from Bellini to Renoir and Picasso. $7.50 to $18. Illustrated catalogs 25¢.

San Francisco

RAYMOND & RAYMOND, *615 Sutter Street,* fine prints, old masters and moderns, framing, handwrought jewelry.

Westport, Conn.

ARTEXT PRINTS, INC. ART FOR EVERYBODY. Primitives to Moderns. Authentic color reproductions are now available in small sizes for note book or portfolio. Send five 3c stamps for set of four small color prints by El Greco, Cézanne, or Van Gogh, sent prepaid with complete listings of 1,000 color prints in varying sizes.

PUBLICATIONS

ART AND ANATOMY, *by Lenssen, Barnes & Noble, $2.75.* Low-price reprint of a book for the artist and student, formerly sold at $5.00.

MIES VAN DER ROHE, *by Philip C. Johnson, 208 pp., 190 plates, The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St., N. Y. 19, $7.50 postpaid.* The first complete analysis of the work of one of the most influential architects of our time.

MODERN PAINTING, *by Lionello Venturi, Scribners, $5.* The author analyzes the work of Goya, Constable, David, Ingres, Delacroix, Corot, Daumier, and Courbet. Contains reproductions of more than 150 paintings.

POSSIBILITIES 1, AN OCCASIONAL REVIEW, *ed. by John Cage* (music), *Pierre Chareau* (architecture), *Robert Motherwell* (art), *Harold Rosenberg* (literature), *112 pages, 50 illustrations, $2.25. Wittenborn, Schultz, Inc., 38 E. 57th St., N. Y. 22.* Contributions by David Smith, Lionel Abel, William Baziotes, Harold Rosenberg, Mark Rothko, Stanley William Hayter, Virgil Thomson, Paul Goodman, Miró, Edgard Varèse, Arp, Jackson Pollock, Oscar Niemeyer.

ART BOOKSTORES

GOTHAM BOOK MART, *41 W. 47th St., N. Y. C.* The best in Modern Art and Literature by promising unknowns and established moderns. *Autumn Currents* on request.

WITTENBORN AND CO., *38 E. 57th St., N. Y. C.*

ANTIQUES

FRANK PARTRIDGE, INC., *6 W. 56th St., N. Y. C.* Fine period English furniture, porcelains, Chinese porcelains and objets d'art.

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